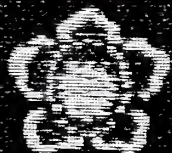


CHILGOOPIE THE GLAD

A STORY OF KOREA
AND HER CHILDREN

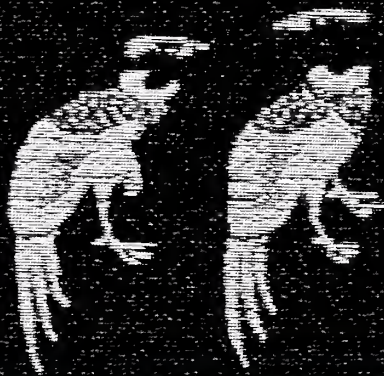


JEAN PERRY



THE MOFFETT
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PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



Sam Niffett
Cambridge 1976

50p

“CHILGOOPIE THE GLAD.”



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MISS JEAN PERRY, AND MAREEVA, THE MATRON OF THE HOME
FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN, SEOUL.

"CHILGOOPIE THE GLAD"

A STORY OF KOREA
AND HER CHILDREN

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON

By

Jean Perry

JAN 24 2008

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO
8 & 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

1904

Contents.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. HOW WE MET	19
II. THE "FIRE ACCIDENT"	32
III. A DISTRESSED CONGREGATION	42
IV. SICK UNTO DEATH	50
V. WHERE IS CHILGOOPIE?	64
VI. GONE!	81
VII. A KOREAN LETTER	94
VIII. "HAS HE COME BACK?"	104
IX. CHILGOOPIE EXPLAINS	114
X. HOW WE PARTED	126

List of Illustrations.

	PAGE.
MISS JEAN PERRY, AND MAREEYA, THE MATRON OF THE HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN, SEOUL <i>Frontispiece</i>	
SOME OF OUR WAIFS AND STRAYS, PEGGIE AND MEGGIE AMONGST THE NUMBER 	21
THE BREADWINNER OF A KOREAN FAMILY—A LITTLE VENDOR OF CANDY 	37
A STREET IN THE CITY OF SEOUL, SHOWING THE ELECTRIC CAR LINES IN THE CENTRE ...	55
A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VENDOR OF POTS AND PANS	73
HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF KOREA... ...	91
THE GARDENS AND TERRACES OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. (THE EMPEROR'S PALACE IS SITU- ATED IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF SEOUL)	109
SOCK-SU AT HOME 	127

Introductory.

THE "bone of contention" between China and Japan in 1894 and 1895, and in a large measure the cause of the long and serious war between Japan and Russia—the Hermit Land of Korea, with her population of 14,000,000, is thrust forward, whether she will or no, before the notice of the world.

This beautiful and fertile country is separated from Manchuria by the Yalu and Tumen Rivers; and, under the Protectorate of the Japanese, established since the late war, should soon become a centre of commercial enterprise. For this reason it is at this juncture especially important that the Christian Churches of our country should give more attention to the needs of Korea than they have hitherto done, for civilization without Christianity can work no lasting good, and would only increase the trouble of the world. Already European business firms are making strides there. If you stop at an obscure wayside Korean shop, in

almost any part of the country, and purchase a packet of needles or a reel of sewing-cotton, you will see stamped upon it the name of a German firm ; and you can buy Manchester muslin at a low figure there also.

Koreans weave the most beautiful silk, in narrow widths, and of very durable wear ; but the process is very slow and expensive, only hand-loom being used. They do not understand the making of patterns or fast dyes, and their colours, though very beautiful, all come out in the wash. There are various native industries, among which the making of beautiful brass vessels is prominent, and in the New Year these are exhibited in dazzling array along the streets of Seoul.

The undeveloped resources of the country are boundless. The best coal we have ever burnt is got at Pyenang, in the north—smokeless coal, giving out a great heat, and lasting for hours. Gold and other minerals are also to be found, and large mines in the north are being worked by English and American companies, who have quite a settlement there.

Korea is divided into nine Provinces, each with a Governor appointed by the Crown. One of these

Governors, a good and influential man, is an earnest Christian, and a member of the American Methodist Episcopal Church.

Every interest in Korea centres at the capital, Seoul, which is a large walled city of some 220,000 inhabitants. The Consuls of the various European countries reside there, England being represented by Sir John Jordan, an upright Christian gentleman, respected both by foreigner and Korean.

Mr. McLeavey Brown, D.D., holds a very important position as the head of the Customs in Korea, and is the friend of all those who have the cause of right at heart.

There are two railroads in this country, built by the Japanese. The first was opened about seven years ago, and runs from the port of Chemilpo to the capital, Seoul, twenty-eight miles inland ; the second was opened November, 1904, and runs from Seoul, in the north, to the port of Fusan, in the south, thus opening up a greater part of the country.

An electric car line, under the direction of an American Company, runs through the city of Seoul, from the east gate to the west gate, and some miles beyond, with a branch line encircling the city. Korean motor-men work these cars,

under the supervision of Americans, who step on as inspectors at different points, to see that all is going well.

Vegetation of every kind (not tropical) is to be found in Korea, and the country is well watered by countless rivers and streams, which flow from the lofty mountains in every part.

The Korean is a distinct character from his neighbours. It will be many years before he is a warrior like the Japanese, and as long before he is a keen business man like the Chinese; for the Korean is essentially a student, quiet and thoughtful, with a love for literature.

America is to the fore in the evangelization of Korea. As she has been foremost in making peace in the East, so she is strenuous in preaching the Gospel of Peace there also. Mission work has made more advance in Korea in the time than in any other country, and the war has in no wise hindered its progress, though the poverty of the people is greater than ever. The first Protestant missionaries went from America twenty years ago, and the Hon. H. G. Allen, now American Consul, was the first medical missionary. The American Societies represented in Korea now are—

Presbyterian Board of Missions, North.

” ” ” South.

Methodist Episcopal Mission, North.

” ” ” South.

Canadian Presbyterian Mission.

It is explained here, for the benefit of those who may not know, that since the civil war the Churches in the States, north and south, have worked separately.

The Australian Presbyterian Church has a mission at Fusan in the south of Korea, and some half-dozen earnest workers.

We must not omit to mention the important work done in Korea by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which brought out the first edition of the New Testament in the Korean language four years ago. England has also sent the S.P.G., which has a community of the Kilburn Sisters at Seoul.

Since 1891 the writer has been a Korean missionary, and in 1896 was joined by Miss Pash, a graduate of Girton College, Cambridge. Beside evangelistic work done in different parts of the country, we have established at Seoul, in conjunction with the Protestant Missions there, a

Home for Destitute Children, *inter*-denominational, and supported by voluntary contributions.

The Roman Catholics, who have been in Korea for many, many years, set an example in their work among the young and homeless that other missions are slow in following ; and this Home has been opened to supply a long-felt need among Protestant Evangelical workers.

While the prayer goes forth for China, Japan, India, and Africa, I raise my voice to all, and say, "Korea ! Pray for Korea, also."

Although written in the first person singular, the incidents of the following story do not all relate to the author. They are not written to record the experiences of a single person, but to illustrate in an interesting way the conditions of Korean life, and of Christian work among the people. Other scenes and circumstances are therefore interwoven with those in the writer's own experience, forming in one continuous narrative a series of realistic sketches of missionary life ; and showing the transition that is constantly taking place from the darkness of heathenism to the glorious light of the Gospel of God.

The manners and customs of this strangely attractive people are also portrayed here for the sake of those who have not access to weightier books on the subject.

The hero is still living, and working for his Master. He is but one of many in that country who, having heard the truth, regard themselves as faithless unless they make it known to others.

The subject of the baptism of the young man has been introduced partly to show the difficulties to be faced on various mission-fields because of insufficient staff.

Any discussion that might arise from the treatment of this subject can be answered in one sentence: "Let us help to send out more workers!"

The old lady is one of hundreds, young and old, among the women of Korea, who show simple faith in Christ crucified and risen again.

Meggie and Peggie are two of a large number of girls and boys whom the writer has rescued from the streets and trained to Christian lives of usefulness.

JEAN PERRY.

“CHILGOOPIE THE GLAD.”

CHAPTER I.

How we Met.

IT was a pouring wet day, at the height of the rainy season in Korea, when everything—including food, furniture, and clothing—was damp, moist, and unpleasant; when you breathed into your lungs from the steaming atmosphere microbes of every class and quality, which rose in invisible swarms from the reeking gutters beside the straggling, narrow roadways, and from the cesspools which flanked the entrance of every dwelling-place of the little Korean town.

Yellow-stained water poured from the low-hanging thatched eaves of the cottages, and small boys in vari-coloured garments, which hung in drenched and uncleanly folds round their ankles splashed through every available pool in thick wooden clogs, their long, black tangled hair hanging about their shoulders, having escaped from the towsted plait at the back; for the hair is not put

up into a topknot, nor a hat worn, until they attain to manhood, or are married.

It was on such a day as this, in July, that I was introduced to our hero.

The house in which my co-worker and I lived was a thatched one squeezed with marvellous ingenuity among its neighbours. It consisted of a few low rooms, built round a little yard ; rooms that at this season defied your entering without a splash of the aforesaid uncleanly water from the dripping thatch trickling uninvited down your neck, as you bent forward to push aside the small paper shutter that formed door and window combined.

I was sitting writing in my eight-feet square room, writing an account of "missionary labour" to the friends at home, whose pence and halfpence, with a sprinkling of the mighty silver, supported the ancestral columns of my palatial abode, and supplied me with sustenance for the body in the intervals of these labours.

I had just written, "Am snatching time on a rainy day, when there is lack of callers, to tell you how——" My flow of eloquence came to a standstill, for there was an ominous sound just outside the door. "A-hem-m-m ! A-hem-m-m !"

SOME OF OUR WAIFS AND STRAYS, PEGGIE AND MEGGIE AMONGST THE NUMBER.



accompanied by a shuffle of feet—unmistakable signs in Korea of the approach of a visitor ; for if he rap at the door, so fragile is that structure, being but a sliding frame covered with paper, he might knock it down entirely ; or if perchance it should be a wooden one, he might bruise his knuckles, which in a scholar would be most undignified.

“ A-hem ! A-hem ! ”—rather hastily this time—and as I call “ Come in ! ” the heavy wooden rain-shoes are shuffled off, and I hear a padded footstep on the narrow verandah.

Pushing aside the four-feet paper shutter, which generally stuck fast half-a-dozen times before finally jerking open, I looked out, and saw a dripping, yellow-hued, ragged, noisome-looking figure, crouched on one knee to salute me. I looked down on a black mass of hopelessly tangled hair, in the centre of which, at the top of the head, stood a scrubby little topknot, which should by right include all those straggling ends that, wet and sticky with rain and grease, had escaped, and clung in no picturesque manner round the shoulders.

A gaunt, pinched, yellow face was raised to mine, after the salutation, “ Are you at peace, lady ? ”

And I perceived my visitor to be a young man of about twenty-four years of age, whose redeeming features were clear, honest-looking brown eyes, and a perfect row of white teeth, shown in a smile which drove the wrinkles on his thin cheeks back to the ears each time he addressed me.

"Excuse me, great lady," he said, bowing low ; "but, hearing of your exceeding graciousness" (ah me!) "and mercy, I have ventured here, being cold, and wet, and hungry. Have pity, and send me not empty away !"

Across my mind flashed an injunction I had received at home before starting for the "foreign field": "You are sent as a woman to the women," said a dear friend, smiling and happy after the refreshing tea which had just been handed round to us all ; and full of love, real love for the perishing souls about whom we all knew so little! "When any of the men appeal to you, pass them on to the brethren, for much misunderstanding has been brought about by women thinking their work to be among both sexes."

As my wretched-looking visitor still waited, I said in my heart, "Oh, man, why are you not a woman?" And then the thought came as a light-

ning flash to clear my mental vision—"And who is my neighbour?"

I looked down at the wretched, filthy garments, jagged as if they had been through cogwheels, and for a moment I hesitated. My friend's warning was upon me again, and gave me good excuse for dismissing the visitor. I remembered the days when, in a brilliantly lighted church in the homeland, among throngs of well-dressed people, I had sung—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,"

and a shiver of delight had crept down my spine, as I determined then and there to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Oh, how often in our religion we live in poetry, and shrink at the plain prose of daily life!

Here was I with the Gospel, and here was "man," with certainly something of the "vile" about him; and I was hesitating to ask him in, because—oh, he was so dirty! At this juncture my servant and general adviser appeared from the kitchen, armed with authority, and exclaiming, "Send him off, lady—oh, such filth!" forgetful of his own past, including the pit out of which he had been rescued by the shaft of Gospel light, which, though it had

taught him cleanliness, had not yet filled him with that "love which is the fulfilling of the law." I paid no heed to his remark, and just then my poor visitor rose, straightened his stiffened limbs, and again his face broke into that pathetic smile, as he looked so trustfully at me. He certainly had no doubt but that he would be treated kindly.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"Everywhere and anywhere."

"Have you eaten rice to-day?"

Another exhibition of the white teeth and wrinkles as he replied in the negative. "I am hungry, and a stranger," he said, simply, unconsciously using those words of our Lord; and this was enough for me. With a thrill of shame at my hesitancy, I offered him the simple hospitality of a Korean home. A mat was brought and spread for him to sit on, and soon a bowl of steaming rice was put before him, with its accompanying dish of vegetable pickle, and with a pair of chopsticks in his right hand, he proceeded.

I must not converse with him while he eats his dinner, as Korean etiquette forbids it; but when the bowls were empty, and he rose to leave, I asked, "Where are you sleeping to-night?"

"I don't know, lady, but now that I am not hungry I shall be all right. May you remain in peace."

Now, I had had visits from many Koreans in like plight, but there was something so hopeful in the bright smile of this one, and such great simplicity in his whole bearing, and something so very pathetic in the brown eyes, that I felt I must do more for him. Nay, rather, the Lord had chosen him to be His own, and guided me in this matter.

My Committee at home had been strenuous in their orders, rightly given, but most difficult to follow: "Never give away food or clothes without some work, or part value in money or kind. It encourages beggary."

"Can you chop wood?" I asked.

"I can try." I liked the answer, and bade my servant produce the axe, and set him to work in the shed. An hour after I found him sitting exhausted before a pile of well-chopped firing, mopping the perspiration from brow and neck with an old rag of a cloth, and I sent him into the gate-room to rest. (The gate-room, or *sarang*, as it is called, is at the entrance to the courtyard, by the side of the big gate, and is used by the

male members of the family to accommodate their friends, or as sleeping room for servants.)

My lowly guest slipped his feet from the great wooden shoes at the door, took off the soaking rags of calico socks, and drenched, unwholesome-looking coat ; and hanging the latter under the broad eaves, disappeared through the little low doorway. Telling my general factotum, Sock-su, to supply him with an old suit while his own dried, I went to my room to continue the interrupted report. I could not write of my visitor, for I had as yet only done half my work with him, and that the last half ; for no word of the Gospel had I yet spoken to him. Also, how did I know but that he was a thief, and might disappear with one of my door-mats on his shoulders to keep off the rain, or some of my spoons and bowls tucked away in his voluminous pants ? So I must not speak too soon. I wrote, therefore, of the somewhat prosaic occurrences of the previous day, in which I was not nearly so interested.

That evening, at eight o'clock, the neighbours (those of them who wished) gathered in for prayer, as was the daily custom. One man, whose house was to the right of us, had married six wives, and

therefore he could not come ; and one to the left had married two, one aged forty, and the other aged seventeen, he being sixty ; he never came, but his little daughter of twelve, the child of one of his wives who was dead, slipped in to prayers with us when she could escape from the cuffs and bruises which were her daily lot.

The rain had ceased for a few hours that evening, but the atmosphere was heavy as a wet blanket, and great, soaking, white paddings of cloud wrapped the summit of every hill. Sixteen women, with as many children, and eight men (my teacher, and the husbands and brothers of some of the women) came to the little meeting. The room was small and low, being dining-room and study, meeting-room and reception-room combined. We all sat on the floor, the shutters were thrown open, and my table and chair put out in the yard to make more room. The men squatted on the narrow verandah, for it is not Korean etiquette for them to meet in the same room as the women ; so, being of the superior sex, we kept them outside the door, and I occupied a hassock at the entry, seen by all.

The opening hymn was announced in stentorian

tones by my scholarly teacher, Mr. So. I gave the start, and away they went in unequal time and tune :—

" Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more."

The chorus, " Oh, that will be joyful," went ringing over and over, till it found its way to the neighbouring houses and down the little lanes, and we could hear children shouting in the distance, " Joyful, joyful, joyful!" in their own tongue.

Among the little group of white-coated men (with their stiff black horse-hair hats tied under the chin, and their oval faces bent over the hymn-books) sat our lowly guest, combed and dried and radiant. He had never heard singing before, and knew nothing of the Land we were singing of; but he caught the word *kit-paw* ("joyful") and shouted it out of tune every time it came round. Mr. So was just announcing the chapter to be read when there was a slight stir in the yard, and an old man (the one with the many wives) came in, swinging in his hand his two-foot pipe, and walking with a swagger as became a man of so

much gentility. The young women of the congregation hid their faces behind their aprons, and the older ones peered curiously out, as the old gentleman came to the edge of the verandah, cleared his throat, and began addressing me in angry tones :—

“Before you came to live here we dwelt in peace, and the air round us was fresh and fragrant, but now every day there are obnoxious odours all round, enough to kill decent folk !”

My Korean language-teacher, a man of twenty-nine, courteous and pleasant, and understanding all the many and mysterious rules of Korean etiquette, rose to his feet as the old gentleman began, and replied in a marvellously learned flow of Korean, only half of which I understood. But as I listened in respectful silence, knowing that Mr. So would settle the matter better without me, I gathered that the complaint was directed against some solution of carbolic acid with which it had been our habit to disinfect the foetid drains. In the future I remembered my lesson, and used in its stead Condyl's Fluid.

CHAPTER II.

The "Fire Accident."

DURING the next few days our visitor made himself so handy that I still allowed him to remain and share the gate-room with my servant Sock-su. He swept the yard, chopped the wood, and did numberless odd jobs, all under Sock-su's direction, who lorded it over him in a most wonderful way, always referring to him as "that fellow."

I gave him a week's wages at the end of three days, and he got himself a new canvas suit, baggy enough to contain three such forms as his ; and then I lay awake half the night regretting my foolishness, thinking he might go off with the money and some of our belongings ; and I got up at half-past five to see whether the clothes-line, axe, and door-mats were still there ; to find the new-comer standing at the kitchen door, which opened straight into the yard, combing his long tresses over his face, preparatory to screwing up the top-

knot, and singing (my tea-towel thrown over his perspiring shoulder in lieu of a coat)

"Joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

So engrossed was he that I remained unseen, and retired to my room humbled and reprimanded for such lack of faith.

That day we received a letter from home, saying, "We want more stirring news of conversions and blessing on your work—something to rouse interest. Tell us how the heathen come crying for the Gospel, and how it satisfies them to the saving of the soul."

I sat down and made a sketch from memory of this youth as he appeared that first day, his filthy clothes, the rain dripping off him; but I never had the courage to publish my sketch, but wrote instead the stereotyped though true: "Many inquirers; some anxious; no definite conversions yet, since I last wrote."

And now the new-comer was established as a member of the community, and co-helper with Sock-su in attending to the needs of our household. His family name, or surname, was Ko, and his boy-name "Sup-supie," so, according to Korean

custom, he would be called "Ko-Sup-supie," as with them the surname comes first. He begged us not to call him by the latter name, as it meant "Sorrow"; so he was known as "Ko" until he received his new name.

As he gradually became a part of our household, his position was further advanced by his being allowed to sweep and dust our small sitting-room, though for days I could not make him understand why he should not dust first and sweep afterwards; and he could not see the incongruity of mopping his perspiring face with a corner of the duster occasionally. I went into the room unexpectedly one day, and found him balanced on my solitary rocking-chair, a green silk cushion stuffed behind his head (the band of young ladies who made it, and presented it to me, were fortunately not there to see!) and singing his favourite "Joyful, joyful, joyful." When he had finished dusting, and gone on an errand, I pinned the cushion on the clothes-line, and sprinkled insect powder upon it.

That evening, at prayers, an old woman, who always took possession of that particular chair, refusing the floor as *infra dig.* (though her own house never saw a chair), had a violent fit of

coughing in the midst of the opening prayer ; and, venturing to look round, I rescued the pillow from beneath her face, as she, recovering, declared "an evil spirit was surely in that cushion, and wanted to choke her." This evening seemed bound to be one of unpleasant occurrences. When the meeting was in full swing, and my learned teacher, Mr. So, was reading the chapter, rapidly translating from his Chinese Testament into the Korean vernacular, the small tin lamp, hung on the wall of the verandah for the men to read by, suddenly became dim and went out. Ko, who was now in full armour, with Testament, hymn-book, and new suit (though as yet I am afraid not a new heart), wishing to prove his usefulness to the crowd, took the little lamp away to fill it ; and I, thinking to improve the occasion, began speaking of the virgins who had no oil in their lamps. Suddenly, from behind the low-thatched shed, behind which my new helper had disappeared with the lamp and oil-can, came a cry of pain, and then another, and then a great blaze burst upon the darkness of the yard. I darted out, with a call to all to remain seated (which no one obeyed), and found the oil-can and lamp on the ground ablaze,

and my new man shouting, "I-go! I-go! I-go!" (exclamation of pain), and shaking one hand in the air violently. Running to my little medicine cupboard, I soon got the necessary remedies, and as the burnt fingers were being bound up with soft rag and Lucca oil, we must have presented a curious sight, could only our subscribers at home have looked on!

The rain was just beginning to fall again in a miserable drizzle, and Sock-su, with a disdainful expression of countenance directed at the sufferer, held a light in one hand and an umbrella for my protection in the other; while men, women, and children clustered tight all round to view the "doctor lady" apply the wonderful *yak* (medicine), which had the most marvellous healing properties.

"How did it happen?" I said at last, with the dignity becoming a member of the medical profession (though at the hand of the Koreans alone I had received my diploma).

"I don't know at all. That it would happen at all I did not know, or I would not have done it!"

"Well, how did it set fire? What were you



THE BREADWINNER OF A KOREAN FAMILY—A LITTLE
VENDOR OF CANDY.

doing?" I continued, winding round and round the strips of linen, to the admiration of all.

"It set fire all of itself, lady. I had no matches. I did not light it."

Suddenly the truth dawned upon me. "You filled the lamp when it was still alight?"

"Yes, just like that," said the sufferer, looking much relieved, "and the oil became fire itself, and I dropped it. Oh, my hand! I die, I die!"

"No, you will not die," I said calmly, "but in the future try to remember to put out the light before you go to fill the lamp;" and turning to the admiring crowd, I added, "It is too late now to continue our meeting, so we will sing a hymn and then disperse. What shall we sing?"

"'Here we suffer grief and pain,'" said a lively urchin at my elbow, with a grin, which poor Ko was too downcast to notice.

Without any help from me after the starting note they became a swaying crowd of lusty voices—treble, alto, tenor, bass—in every key and metre, major and minor happily opposing one another, in blissful ignorance of all the laws of harmony, making a "joyful noise" to the God of our salvation. When they got to the chorus they

all looked round at the laggards, and waited for them, and then started afresh. Ah, we may smile, and compare our pipe organs and our grand choirs in our beautiful churches, but the music (or discord) of these simple souls is

“All plain and clear
To the Master’s ear.”

How that “Joyful, joyful, joyful” rang out in the drizzling rain! They repeated it three times before they could let it go. Even the poor burnt sufferer was unable to resist the refrain, and joined in with tearful countenance, cheered doubtless by the thought that in heaven there would be no kerosene!

As I was putting on the last outer bandage, the exclamations of “*Chai-goo man-so!*” (great ability), were so frequent I thought it time to deduct another lesson from present experiences, remembering an instruction received from an elder before leaving home: “Take the opportunity of using little daily occurrences, like our Lord did, in pressing home the truth to the dark hearts.” So I looked round on the cotton-clad, half-drenched group, and, pointing to the hand of the sufferer, said ruthlessly:

"Hell will be like that, only it will be all over, not on one finger only."

There was a dreadful silence, and the men on the edge of the group stepped back a little ; but a small girl of ten, tugging with one hand at my skirt to balance herself, as she deftly skipped from one foot to the other, said, in a high treble, "Yes, and the medicine lady won't be there to bind it up, either."

CHAPTER III.

A Distressed Congregation.

IT was nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, July 26th, being the day following the "fire accident," as the Koreans called it, and again the rain was pouring steadily down, not having ceased all night. With huge, heavily-ribbed oil-paper umbrellas held over them, the women, who had come to morning worship, pushed open the rheumatic gate leading into our yard, and cut a sorry figure as they stepped high on wooden shoes through the mud and slush, their white cotton skirts tucked up, and the loose, baggy pants of the country clinging in damp folds round their ankles. Their heads were covered with draggled-looking aprons, but their brown eyes peeped brightly out at me as they gave the morning salutation, "Are you at peace? Have you slept well?"

On hearing the "clatter of the wooden shoon" I had slipped back the refractory door, and, forgetting the lowness of the portal and my "exceed-

ing height," as compared with the average Korean woman, the top of my head came crash on the wooden frame, and I was thrown to the floor. The women rushed forward, and essayed to raise me ; but, having had a succession of these blows, not one door of my mansion being then high enough to admit of my exit or entrance with dignity, I had formed a habit of massing my somewhat abundant tresses on my crown, where they formed a kind of pad, and a great protection from the irregularities of Korean architecture ; so I sprang up unhurt, though, it must be confessed, a little giddy, and sat on the mat with the damp group round me.

One old woman, after vigorously rubbing both eyes and nose, took my hand and patted it, saying quaveringly, " Couldn't you see the doorway was there? You should not do that ; it is dangerous. Don't do it again." I smiled as sweetly as I could, and promised to try.

As we waited came the clatter of more wooden shoes, and Meggie and Peggie, my adopted waifs, shining and rosy from bath and breakfast, slipped off their cumbersome clogs, and, trotting gaily in, took possession of the mat at my right and left side, smiling benignly all round. Then, more

splashing through the wet (the rain scarcely ever formed an excuse for staying away from "worship"), and more shoes left outside under the eaves, and a bevy of boys and girls, unkempt and unshorn, but bright and lively as crickets, huddled into the corners of the rooms, hugging their knees, and looking expectantly round. Last, and most important of all, came the teachers and their friends, holding their muslin coat tails out of the rain, and with small oil-paper screens fitted over their horsehair hats. They stepped with becoming dignity through the puddles, which reflected the high heels of their clogs, and seated themselves on the mats placed on the verandah, keeping on their hats, and leaving their shoes outside.

Then, entering from the kitchen, as a climax to the whole, Sock-su, followed meekly by Ko, brought up the rear; and I noticed at the last moment, much to my distraction (though I tried not to mind the "spoiling of my goods"), that the injured hand was resting in a sling made from one of our kitchen towels. Sock-su, perceiving my anxious look, came across to me, and said in a loud whisper, "I won't dry the cups on it to-day; could find nothing else at the last minute."

At length our daily morning worship commenced, and after the hymn and prayer Mr. So cleared his voice, straightened his damp coat-tails on the mat, folded one cotton-clad knee over the other, likewise each white, padded, cotton-hosed foot, with one slender hand caressed the few black hairs straggling from his chin, and announced St. Matt. iii. 1-12.

I must explain here that I always let a Christian brother lead off before I put in my word of exhortation.

We read verses aloud (though most of the men could read, only two of the women could do so) until we came to verse eleven, and Sock-su, whose turn it was, read out clearly until he reached the last clause, when he paused, looked at me, and then, wonder on every feature, read the remainder, "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."

There was a pause. It was the leader's turn, and he did not proceed, but just then I was full of the spiritual import of what we were reading, and noticed nothing amiss. I was yearning over the little flock of ignorant souls round me; for even those who believed were yet very far from all the truth. And then, as I looked at those beautiful

words, on the wonderful wing of thought I was away again in that far-off church, where my father's father had worshipped before him, and the sanctity of the building with its well-attired and reverent congregation was upon me. I saw the preacher in his ecclesiastical robes, one fair slender hand raised, as in deep sonorous tones he repeated the words which had burnt their way into my heart: "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."

In imagination I could see the patches of light filtering through the many-coloured window, and shifting restlessly on the pavement—now red, now purple, now yellow; and I could detect even the odour of the May-blossom as it was wafted on the breeze through an open door from the sunny world without. As I said, so deep was I in all these recollections, and so stirred was my soul by all that these wonderful words meant to me, that I was oblivious of the consternation spreading over the little congregation, when suddenly little Peggy at my left, who had been spelling out the characters from my Testament, pointed a small brown finger at Ko, exclaiming, "That's him! It means him!"

All eyes turned to the downcast face of my new

servant, but so full was I of my own thoughts, feelings, and recollections, that even yet I failed to grasp the situation. "He shall baptise you—" I knew what it meant, but how could I explain it to them? Again little Peggy nudged me, and whispered, "See! tears are many, like the rain outside." I withdrew my eyes from the printed page of Korean characters, on which they had been vacantly fixed, and looked around. All attention was ruthlessly focussed on Ko, down whose prematurely-wrinkled cheeks great tears were coursing their way. My heart gave a great leap of joy, as I thought, "Here is a penitent sinner,—now I can write home of another conversion, and the subscribers will be happy!" (Oh, subtle thoughts, how ugly you are when we venture to put you on paper!)

"It's the fire," said a woman near, nudging me, "he's afraid he's caught hold of!"

Ah! how strangely realistic they were! I had expected them all to be following in my train of thought, they who had never seen or dreamed of such a church gathering as I was remembering. Their thoughts, their recollections—how would they be affected by such a verse, which several of

them now saw for the first time? The *Ryong-Hon* (Holy Spirit), the *phool* (fire)—of what did they testify to minds like these? Wrath, vengeance, fire—spit from the nostrils of the great Dragon, to consume, devour, and destroy! Well might they all cower in fear at the words. But alas! I had paused too long, for just as I was about to turn to another verse which dealt with the subject of a loving God and Father, Teacher So, in stentorian tones read, with furtive glances at the weeping, sin-stricken one, the next verse—

“Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into His garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire” (Matt. iii. 12).

Why does the love of judgment depart so hardly from the human heart? I have known the best of men fail just here! I was in great straits, like a general whose army has got out of line, when just as I was deciding, or trying to decide, what to say, a Hand mightier than mine laid hold of us, and the weak, quavering voice of an old woman lately come to Christ like a child, broke the silence—“Let us pray.”

The little gathering prostrated itself face downwards, limbs curled miraculously beneath the

rubber-like body, and the petitions of that old woman (who had been one of many wives for thirty years before she heard the Gospel), trembled on the close, damp air :

“Loving, heavenly Father, high and holy, we venture near Thee thus, great sinners every one. Pity us, pity us, without end pity us! Show us more of Thy mercy. Let the fire burn up the sin, but preserve the sinner.” (Here Ko sobbed audibly, and the moisture soaking my handkerchief was not all perspiration, though my damp clothes clung to every limb, and the hot breath added to the hot air made the atmosphere stifling. Yet, oh, the glory of that moment!) “We are ignorant, know-nothing people,” the dear old voice quavered on ; “we are filthy in thought, and word, and deed, but only these few years have we heard Gospel, which this holy lady has come here to teach us. Bless her” (here I gave way, and we all sobbed together), “and don’t take her away from us, for we all love her, and Thee, our Father. Jesus Christ washes our sins away in His own blood, and we will not fear the fire. We venture thus in His name only, Amen.”

The whole room of bowed figures echoed and re-echoed a smothered “Amen.”

CHAPTER IV.

Sick unto Death.

DURING the next few days Ko was very subdued, with a crestfallen air, much to the delight of Sock-su, who now began to treat him with added condescension, regarding him as a lamb just coming into the fold, who must be instructed by his elder in grace, and corrected in every possible way. But I noticed an added weariness of manner, and fewer exhibitions of those rows of dazzling teeth in the smile now becoming rare.

On the third morning Sock-su came with the ominous news from the gate-room, "Ko refuses his rice." Now, well I knew this was a sign of something wrong, so, taking my thermometer, I crossed the yard through the still drenching rain, and having made my existence known by scraping my feet outside the little room, I pushed aside the little paper door, slipped off my shoes, and entered. I found the oil-paper-covered floor warm to my stockinged feet, and the atmosphere stifling in the extreme.

I remembered part of the curriculum of hospital training, "See that your patient has plenty of air, open well all windows and ventilators, and keep the bed and the whole room sweet and fresh." How impossible here! There was but one door, which was also window and ventilator, kept, according to Korean "custom," close shut. The room—an ordinary one of the middle class—was only high enough in the centre to allow of my standing erect. On the smooth floor, beneath which a brisk fire was burning (another demand of "custom" in sickness, however hot the weather), was laid a padded covering, in which the patient was wrapped tightly, his shaggy top-knot alone being visible. Hearing my entrance, he rolled over, and disclosed a scarlet face, saying, with his lips parched and dry, the usual salutation, "Are you at peace?" and ending in a moan.

I found his temperature to be alarmingly high, and saw that he was in for a serious illness, brought on, doubtless, by damp, cold, and suffering.

"It's the fire," he said hoarsely; "the fire's got me!" Sure enough it had, but only the fire of fever.

Now, my friend and co-worker, who knew more

of fevers than I, having had longer experience in the East, was away on an evangelistic trip into the country, and I did not expect her back for quite three weeks. There was no post, and no possibility of getting a letter to her except by special carrier, and the nearest "foreign" doctor was several miles distant. I could not ask him to come a day's journey to tend a fever patient when possibly his own hospital was full. Having had some practical training in nursing and some experience in medicine, I knew enough to venture to prescribe for the patient. I have heard it said that by ringing the changes on three medicines—castor oil, santanine, and quinine—in this ancient country you can work up a medical reputation in no time, and procure an excellent practice on low pay, or none at all. Indeed, I venture to say that in no place can such a practice be worked up more quickly than in Korea. If to this you add successful surgical skill, your admirers will be legion.

The patient was delirious by night, or thought he was, which often amounts to the same thing; all his talk was of the fire and the terrible Dragon. Remembering the soothing effect of the prayer of the old lady Hulmonie, I applied my remedies,

and then knelt and prayed to the Great Physician. That night at prayers special petitions were sent up for "our sick younger brother," and at the close little brown-cheeked Peggie said, "May we sing

"'The Great Physician now is near'?"

The sick one, in his lowly room across the yard, could hear quite plainly, and was comforted. Gradually he grew more calm in his soul, and the verses read to him at intervals of the love of God in sending Jesus, His Son, to save sinners, brought balm to the wounded spirit.

Several days passed by. The fever gradually abated, and the sufferer lay weak and still. It seemed impossible to rally his strength, and who could wonder at it in such an atmosphere?—the drenching rain without, and the steaming heat within. Even the paper that covered the sliding door began to wrinkle off with the damp.

The old lady Hulmonie ("The Praying Woman" her neighbours had named her), paid frequent visits, and always did him good; never did she leave the sick-bed without a prayer, fervent and faithful, that he might be healed *soul* and *body*. We held our regular meetings morning and evening, the congregation tiptoeing past the sick-room,

and commenting in audible whispers on the likelihood of the patient's speedy demise.

One evening, when all were departing for their homes, I asked Mr. So, and the old lady and her daughter, to remain awhile, for I felt there was likely to be a crisis in the little gate-room that night; so, telling Sock-su to prepare us all a cup of tea, I went to see the patient. He was very low, but took the light refreshment I gave him, and then said, "Lady, I have something to say to you. I wish to belong to all of you, and to Jesus Christ. I want baptism with water, like you read to me about."

I was taken by surprise, and knew not what to answer. He had told me the day before that he believed the doctrine, that he had "eaten" the truth, and I was thankful, and remembered: "Except . . . as little children, . . . ye cannot enter." Now I was filled with dismay, for the superstitious in my nature (of which we all have more or less) rose to the fore, and I thought, "He is surely going to die."

Swallowing down something in my throat, I said, "You believe Jesus Christ, God's only Son, died for your sins?"

The Roman
Catholic Cathedral.

The Methodist
Episcopal Church.



A STREET IN THE CITY OF SEOUL, SHOWING THE ELECTRIC CAR LINES IN THE CENTRE.

"Yes, lady, my many sins He died for—cleansed them all away."

"Then He is your Saviour, and, if you should die, will take you to His own good place."

"Yes," and the heavy brown eyes grew large and bright as they gazed into mine.

"And I am the same as you now, lady," he continued, still looking at me, and breathing quickly.

"What do you mean?" I asked, gently.

"The same as you—God's child—the same," he repeated with emphasis.

"Yes," I gasped out, for the tenderness in his face was enough to make one weep; and I marvelled.

"Then I love Him more than all," he said, hoarsely, "and could die at peace, if you will give me baptism."

Here was a fix to be in. How I longed to be a cleric at that minute! Never before had I wished to change my lot; but, if only I could perform this rite, how happy it would make the dear sufferer. Not that I thought it necessary to his salvation; I knew better than so to slight the efficacy of the precious blood of the Lamb, slain for our redemption. But he wished so to signify

his belief; and now it must remain undone, for there was no minister within miles and miles, and the poor fellow was not even on the great list of catechumens.

Sad at heart, I said, "Wait a little, I will return in a short time," and went back to my friends, whom Sock-su was just serving with tea. I took a cup and sat down, not able to repress a sigh. Anxious enquiries were made as to the state of the patient, and I explained my trouble. Quick as thought, Teacher So picked up his Testament, and began turning over the leaves, till he found what he sought; then, with a look at me, he began to read that wonderful chapter in the Acts of the Apostles about Philip and the eunuch. I had read it and heard it read, of course, dozens of times; yet now, in the light (or darkness) of the present it read as a new chapter.

The dreary, monotonous rain without, the hot pressure of air within, were alike forgotten, and again I sat, like Mary at the Master's feet, and heard His Word. We did not discuss it at all; to these believing Koreans there was no such thing as higher, middle, or lower criticism. The Word was final. He read on, verse after verse, till he came

to the words, "Here is water ; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" when he paused and looked at me ; and little Peggy, sitting close by me, exclaimed, showing her rows of pearly teeth, "*Mool man-so ! Changma chinta !*" ("Plenty of water ! Rainy season !")

Holding up my finger to the child, I motioned to Mr. So to proceed, which he did, repeating twice the words, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest. And he answered, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

We all felt the matter was settled, and Ko should be baptized that night if he wished. Now I could not ask my helper, Mr. So, to perform the office, knowing not what it might lead to, for he might thereafter consider himself a second John the Baptist, and go round exercising his function without the discretion of John. I looked vaguely round, as if expecting a minister to rise from some corner of the room ; but all was silent, except for the drip, drip, without. The old lady again settled my difficulty by saying, "Let us pray." Down we all bent with our faces to the ground, and the earnest petitions of that loving heart ascended to the Throne of God.

"Our Father, loving and wise, the lady whom we love knows not what to do. Show her, make it plain. She wants to do Thy will and glorify Thy name. We all want to do this, but we are ignorant, and know not how. Give the sick one the baptism of Thy Holy Spirit, and heal him body and soul. We venture this in Jesus Christ's Name alone. Amen."

I cannot describe my feelings as we all rose. Although I said not a word, Sock-su went into the kitchen, and returned with a basin of water. He believed in quantity, and brought the largest basin he could get. Then he held the door open for us to pass out.

It was a queer little procession that crossed the wet yard at 9.30 p.m., small, low, thatched hovels, hemming us in on every side, and heavy soaking clouds hanging low over our heads; not much that was very beautiful or attractive on the outside, but oh, the joy in our hearts! Again the small obstreperous shutter was coaxed back (after sticking firmly at an inch, and refusing, except by main force, to be moved any further), and, one by one, we crept into the little gate-room, leaving the door open for possible ventilation. I took my

seat at the patient's head, and Sock-su stood officially behind, holding his basin with both hands. Very softly we sang,

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure :
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.”

At the close of the hymn, Mr. So read very slowly, and with frequent pauses, the eighth chapter of the Acts, laying his book flat on the floor against the candle, and swaying gently to and fro the while. Then the dear old lady prayed. No one visible told us what to do, but an Unseen Presence presided over all. With my hand upon the limp, weak hand of the patient, I then read those verses about Christ receiving little children (Matt. xviii. 10-14). I felt altogether incapable and weak, but the power of that unmistakable Presence was upon me. So, trembling, I turned to the great, glad brown eyes watching me so intently, and said simply, “ If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.”

He replied, “ *Neiga mit-sumnita* ” (“ I believe ”).

Then Sock-su, considering himself still the head

deacon of the occasion, approached me, with a towel thrown over his shoulder, and my blue-rimmed basin held carefully out. At the time I noticed nothing of these details ; it is only as I write they come to my mind.

Suddenly there was a pause in the proceedings as I thought, "What name?" and then asked the question. The reply came slow but sure : "I have been Sup-supie 'the Sorrowful' ; and now I am Chilgoopie 'the Glad.'"

So, waiting no longer, he was baptized "in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Then there was a solemn silence in the small room, as all bent in silent prayer, till the weak voice of the patient broke in with, "Thanks, thanks be to Thee for Thy great grace in receiving a sinner like me."

Another pause, during which Sock-su leaned over the patient, saying, in an indignant aside, to hide his deeper feelings, "Cold water, enough to kill him ! I put *hot* water in the basin, but they were so slow about it, it cooled off !"

After administering the necessary nourishment to the now weary invalid, and leaving Mr. So in

charge for awhile, I made my exit with the old lady Hulmonie and little girls ; and, as we were picking our way in the drenching rain over the pools of water to the sitting-room, little Peggy, ever a chatterbox, exclaimed delightedly :

“ He was done properly, fire and water, and all ! ”

CHAPTER V.

Where is Chilgoopie?

“**I** TELL you again, the water the lady used was just ordinary drinking water, and there was no medicine in it at all.”

“Then how has it cured the sick? That fellow was next to dead when that water was put on him, and he got new life! I want to know the kind of stuff the lady put into the water.”

“I tell you”—it was Sock-su’s voice—“nothing was put in at all. I poured the water from the kettle into the basin, which I held in my hands all the time, lest it should spill over.”

“Well, there is something uncanny about it. Here he is, walking about alive and well, and looking like a new man. I never saw such a change.”

The conversation took place outside my door, between Sock-su and a neighbour, a fortnight after the events of the last chapter. Yes, Chilgoopie the Glad, with his new name, did indeed

seem like a new creature—nay, not “seemed,” he *was* indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus.

“It was not the water that did it, lady,” he had said to me, “it was the word of Jesus Christ to my own heart. The water was the outward sign of it all.”

How much he seemed to know! and how quickly he learned! From that night, the night of his baptism, he began to mend, slowly but surely, and within a few days he managed to crawl out of his room, and Sock-su—the erstwhile dignified Sock-su—carried him on his back across the yard; and laid him tenderly as a child on a mat on the little verandah during our morning prayers. It was a humble and contrite face, though withal a very pinched and worn one, that rested against the little straw bolster, of which Sock-su had deprived himself, to lend the invalid, at whose request we sang :

“What can wash away my stain ?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus !”

As we repeated the refrain I saw him trying to join in, while his eyes gazed away into the distance. He could not read well, knowing only the Korean syllables, and as he slowly regained strength I set

little Meggie and Peggie to read with him half an hour each day, for now his great desire was to read the Scriptures for himself.

"God sent me here," he said to me one day ; "He sent me to get the bread and water of Life. I did not know then, for I was only hungry and cold, and lonely, and sad. He knew what it was I needed."

He spent his time of convalescence in poring over his Testament, and often brought me verses to explain to him; and old lady Hulmonie and he had many a little prayer-meeting together.

Meanwhile, the fame of the "medicine water" had spread far and wide, and to our dismay we had daily applications for its administration. People with sores and wounds of every description, including lepers not a few, came to be cured, and begged me, with tears in their eyes, to give them some of the water.

I explained the mysteries of faith in the atoning blood to cleanse from sin, but they were crestfallen and hopeless, regarding the remedy of sulphur and lard for their wounds as a great "come-down" after the stories they had heard, and thinking the wounds of the body of far more importance than

the wounds of the soul, till I referred them to Chilgoopie, whose eyes grew big with eloquence as he explained that he was changed before the water touched him.

"It was inside here," he said, striking his breast-bone. "My whole inside was changed, and the water did not go in there!"

"What did, then?"

"The love of God," he answered very solemnly; and I said in my heart, "Truly, Lord, Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes!"

"But you look different!" they exclaimed.

At this his face lighted up. "That is because I am happy, and not afraid any more."

"Not afraid of *Marquee*?" (Satan).

"Oh no! God is stronger than he."

"Nor all the *qui-sin*?" (little devils).

"Oh no! The Holy Spirit is with me."

They gazed at him as if he was some new species of humanity.

"He will change you too if you will let Him." But at this fear took possession of them (for Satan does not let go his own without a struggle), and they quickly went away, only to return again at a

future date to hear more of the strange story ; and many thereafter believed because of the faithful witness of Chilgoopie the Glad.

But, ah me ! could I only close my story here, much pain and heart-ache would have been spared us all. Did we suppose that the enemy of souls would allow of such a victory without a tremendous struggle ? Oh ! that command, that neglected command of our Lord's, " Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." My poor lad ! would I could hide your failings. But I dare not. In this life all is not sunshine, and this poor boy's time of trial came. He was expecting, like many of us, to go on " from glory unto glory," forgetting that this is only " by the Spirit of the Lord," and does not come naturally, nor by our own " might."

The annual festival of Chilgoopie's family came round—the day upon which every male member was expected to offer the yearly sacrifice at the graves of the august and departed father or grandfather.

My friend and co-worker, meanwhile, returned from her itinerating trip into the country, but at the time we were ignorant of the approaching

festival. By Chilgoopie's preoccupied air I knew something was afloat, but I had forgotten the sore temptations that must surround one coming from such utter heathen darkness. For days he was very quiet, and did not offer prayer at any of the gatherings. This, of course, was a very bad sign.

"He has great anxiety," said dear old lady Hulmonie, with a sigh, "let us pray for him; our Father knows." So we prayed.

The long, hot, trying rainy season, which generally lasts from June until the end of August, was breaking up. The heavy rains were abating, and we had spells of brilliant sunshine, though the billows of white clouds seemed loth to melt away from the mountain-tops, and the air was still heavy with moisture, and poisonous with the fumes rising from the foetid gutters on every hand. Even the uncleanly, straggling, crooked roads between the cottages emitted the odour of filth, and one admired more than ever the custom of the country which obliges every person to leave their shoes outside the door before entering.

I and my co-worker were feeling the effects of the long unhealthy summer, and relaxed our efforts, as much as possible, taking occasional long

walks up on the mountains, which rose high and bare at the back of the village. We had arranged one of these expeditions overnight, Sock-su having prepared us some light refreshment to take with us, as we intended to make an early start and spend the day in the open.

The morning broke bright and clear. Soon after four o'clock I heard Sock-su and Chilgoopie about in the yard (for Koreans take time by the sun), but when my friend and I were ready for our start a few hours later, Chilgoopie was nowhere to be found. On questioning Sock-su we were assured he knew nothing of the lad, except that he had washed and done his morning work as usual. My spirits sank like lead as we started on our expedition, and he had not returned ; but, as we climbed the little track up the mountain, and got into clear, fresh air, hope revived.

The view was glorious. Mountain upon mountain rose around us, rugged and bare, tinged to the softest azure, almost grey against the blue sky. We climbed on and on by a circuitous route, passing here and there large circular mounds covered with well-kept grass—graves of generations old, carefully kept and tended year by year

at the times of ancestral worship. Great boulders of grey stone or granite, piled in grand confusion to delight the heart of a Ruskin, were to be found on the highest summits, silent witnesses to the tremendous action of volcanic fires of ages past. Lank grass and beautiful wild flowers were to be found in sheltered hollows, but of trees there were none on these lonely hills.

We had from the valley below chosen the lofty peak we wished to reach, and after alternately resting and climbing attained our ambition, and sat down breathless. What wonders spread before us! In the distance, a line of silver along the horizon, shone the border of that mighty ocean which separates, but does not divide us from those we love; then, as the eye travelled nearer, a long undulating valley, rich in cultivation, field divided from field by narrow raised paths, which from this height looked like irregular geometrical lines. Great trees, unshorn of the glory of spreading leaf and bough because of some sacred spirit connected with them, made a patch of dark green here and there, bordering the low-lying villages scattered around.

At the foot of every mountain, nestled in the

snuggest corners, lay the villages and towns of Korea, the more pretentious ones being protected by high mud and stone walls. There is something miserably pathetic in the fact that the people crowd together in these low-lying districts, till death takes them away, and then the body rests in the fine air up on the mountain-side.

As soon as we had recovered from our long climb, we sang together, with great joy,

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets."

Our voices rang out in the pure air to God alone, and we were intensely happy. Then we turned for the view on the other side. We thought we had climbed the highest mountain, but lo ! there were further heights ahead ; peak upon peak rose up, and stretched out a serrated arm to its neighbour. On that side the sky-line was magnificent.

Gazing at the ever-changing purple shadows on the hills, we sang the *Te Deum*, and were just going to kneel in worship to our Maker, when lo ! above the edge of a boulder at our feet appeared first one tawsled head and then another, till four



A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VENDOR OF POTS AND PANS.

or five urchins clambered breathlessly up, and threw themselves, panting, on the grass, and five pairs of sharp brown eyes (all have brown eyes in that country) looked laughingly up into our faces.

"Are you going to worship?" one small boy asked, while I was wondering how they found us, and concluded they must have followed us from the start.

So we prayed (I in Korean, and my friend in English), and when we had finished, these youngsters, feeling it their bounden duty to take some part, as their elders were not there to do so, started the Lord's Prayer, and said it all through together. As we rose from the knotty earth, I was thinking, with much complacency and certain tremors of joy, that this was the first time God had been acknowledged up there on that height, and the poetical part of my nature became so stirred I almost felt I could write verses, when the little urchin nearest to me, a boy of seven, exclaimed, "There! we have done well!" Oh, stern rebuke to my complacent soul, for had I not *nearly* thought the same thing? Yet how badly it sounded when expressed!

Ah! little dirty, unkempt lad, tugging with ten

fingers at the roots of your matted locks of hair, you taught me several lessons that day !

I was about to give a corrective answer, that we should not commend ourselves, etc., when, resting grimy hands on my knee, the youngster exclaimed, "I know something," and pursed his lips together as if he would not tell for the world. Then the five nudged one another and giggled, and one of them continued, "I know too ; we all know—something you don't."

Still I was not to be tempted to ask questions, not knowing whither they might tend. After a whispered consultation, one of the five said suddenly, "We know where Chilgoopie is!" Ah! now he had the attention of us both completely and I said quickly, "Where?"

"He is doing the same as you," volunteered another of the youngsters.

"What is that?" I asked, wondering.

"Worshipping on the hill-side," answered my first informant, again tugging at his head.

I was aghast. "Worshipping—what?" I managed to ask, a feeling of misgiving overtaking me.

"The same as you, only he sacrifices first and

prays after ; and you pray first and then sacrifice," he said, with a glance at our luncheon basket.

"What do you mean, boy?" I asked rather sharply.

They all glanced at one another, and then the elder one, a tall, thin lad of about thirteen, became spokesman, expectorating, after the manner of his elders, at intervals.

"See here, lady. Chilgoopie is worshipping like you ; I saw him go, and he told me. It's his father's revered grave, ten miles from here, up, up a high mountain, and he has taken rice, and *kimchi* (pickles), and sauce ; he could not afford any meat. He will do the same as you, only make the offering first, which is the proper way."

"But we are making no offering," I said in despair ; "that is, no offering of food," I corrected.

The boy's eyes again rested on the little innocent wicker basket (given me by a small girl in the homeland), and he looked incredulously around. My friend and I conferred together as to what was to be done. These boys were representatives to us of the entire little native town in which we lived ; and our innocent picnics on the hills had been mistaken for ancestral worship.

"But we have no graves here," I said to my friend ; "that surely will convince them they are wrong": and I repeated my remark in Korean to our little audience.

"Oh, but that does not matter," they replied, "you are different to us, and the spirits of your dead are everywhere, like you say God is. When are you going to sacrifice?" they added eagerly, one of them laying a grimy hand on the covered basket.

"We do not sacrifice in that way," I said, rather wearily.

"Oh, then, haven't you got any food there?" in a tone of great disappointment.

"Yes, our lunch, that is all. Would you like to see it?" said my friend.

Five heads crowded over the basket as it was opened, and they watched eagerly as the papers and napkins were unfolded. We spread a little red-bordered cloth on the ground, and put the provisions on it. How I wished we had brought more, for we had not reckoned on five uninvited hungry little guests. When all was ready, and I had lighted a little spirit-lamp to make some tea, my friend said, "Let us give thanks." Down went

the faces on the grass, and in the Korean tongue I asked a blessing on our simple repast. As we rose my nearest little neighbour exclaimed :

“There, I knew it was a sacrifice, for we all bowed to the spirits!”

I felt hopelessly cornered, and thought of the puzzled brother who “met a little cottage girl,” who, though “two were in the churchyard laid,” and five still lived, insisted, “We are seven.” Certainly these boys seemed akin to her!

“We were worshipping God the Father,” I said, solemnly, “and thanking Him for the good food He has given us.”

“Then you did not offer it to the spirits?”

“Certainly not. Would they have taken it if I had?” A laugh followed this, and I continued: “Do your spirits take the food when you offer it?”

“Oh, yes,” they promptly replied, “and they give it back to us again.” Certainly the so-called “dark heathen” were good at argument!

The next minute I inadvertently brought another shower of questions upon me. The little tin kettle boiled, and I was making the tea, and I asked one of the boys to get some more water

from the nearest spring, and put the kettle on the spirit-lamp again to boil.

"What did you say? Spirit-lamp? Oh, I won't touch it! And did you say you burnt a spirit in it?"

My friend now portioned out the bread and cheese and cakes for the whole party; and each small boy put the piece of cheese to his little flat pad of a nose, screwed up the blunt tip of this organ of smell, exclaiming, "Very bad odour, very bad," throwing away the dainty morsel. All, except one lad, who, being anxious to learn to eat "foreign food," swallowed his piece almost whole, exclaiming, "What is it? Is it English candle?"

The bread they all approved of, and ate it by pinching off with grimy nails tiny pieces, with various comments to one another, till all was gone.

The apples they made light of, being plentiful in Korea, but the chocolate!—could the good English maker of that dainty only have seen the great satisfaction with which it was devoured, he would have taken a snap-shot of the group for his latest advertisement, and presented them with a case gratis.

CHAPTER VI.

Gone !

CHILGOOPIE did not return that day, nor the next, nor the next. Sock-su remarked contemplatively, "You could expect nothing else from a fellow like that, and it is a good thing he has not stolen any of our goods."

The dear old lady only pressed my hand silently, and then pointed upwards. It was a terrible disappointment to us to lose sight of him, and our courage would have broken down had we not known the Rock, the sure Foundation, on which we builded.

"You must trust now, as you have taught us to do, my dear," said our faithful old friend; "and be sure the good seed sown in his heart will bring forth much fruit. He will come back. Let us pray and trust."

Peggie and Meggie assured us, with dancing eyes that the *qui-sin* (evil spirits) had carried him away and various were the comments of those around. Worse than all to me was the idea that in part it

was our own fault. How should they know, these people, that our ways were not as theirs, and that a periodical day's rest and ramble on the hills did not mean to us what it did to them—a time of worshipping the spirits of their forefathers? How careful we must be as to what we do henceforth! It seemed impossible to eradicate an impression when once given, and this made it more important that every impression made should be a right one.

How important, too, that we should understand the customs and manners of the people if we would show them the true Light. What Divine wisdom we needed just to live before them and not mislead them! It was many a day before even some of those who knew us best believed in the innocence of our "days off" on the hills, and then we found the best way to make them understand was to take them along with us; so it was not much rest after all. We must watch and pray that the life deny not the words, nor misinterpret them, and we felt more than ever the responsibility of living among so impressionable a people.

I remember being terribly shocked by a woman going down on her knees before my book-case, thinking it was a shrine at which I daily wor-

shipped ; and by another woman, who, bowing low, invoked me as a holy spirit !

Doubtless the enemy of souls thought to upset entirely the work begun in the hearts of the people around us by this apparent failure of Chilgoopie ; but in this he was disappointed. The foundation on which we all rested was too deep for his touch, and the prayer made necessary by this additional trial strengthened every one. Crowds of women came from the country every fifth day (market day), and the good news was told to all over and over day by day. Dear old lady Hulmonie had become a member of our household ; and a small room near my own had been papered in white, and some texts in Korean hung on the walls, and this was known as "The Praying Woman's room." When I was weary and discouraged I crept in at the tiny door, and spent a little time with the dear old saint, and was refreshed ; and she became invaluable to us in talking with the throngs of women whose anxious, rugged faces were upturned to us for an hour at a stretch, drinking in for the first time the story of the blessed Son of God, who died to save the world.

"Is it some great ancestor you are talking to us

about—the one in the revered picture on the stand there, which I suppose you bow to every day?" was the question put one morning, when I thought I had been getting on extra well with my explanations. The picture referred to was a small *carte de visite* of my father in a gilt frame on a little bracket by my writing-table. Here dear old Hulmonie interposed—

"I used to think that when I first sat in this room," she said. "I, too, thought the book-case a shrine, and the picture put there to be worshipped; and the little glass of flowers I thought was an offering."

"Well, don't you think so now? Or else why does the lady sit there before them? And why does she trouble to pick the flowers if they are not an offering?"

"Because they are given by the great God, and are beautiful. The picture is of the lady's father. But Jesus Christ, whom she has been talking to you of, is God's Son, and I will tell you more about Him and show you His Book."

So I stepped out, and left them together. (Dear old Hulmonie, I must tell her story fully some day!)

Weeks passed away, and the beautiful golden

"Indian summer," which lengthens its days into the end of November, filled us all with new life and hope. The vegetation after the long wet season was wonderful, and wild flowers of every kind abounded.

Then came, close on the heels of this superb weather, the biting frost of the severe winter, deep snow after the New Year covering the ground for weeks at a time, the thermometer often registering from 9 deg. to 14 deg. below zero. The cotton summer garments of the people were taken to pieces, and between the outside and the lining a thick layer of wadding was placed, the whole garment, jacket and trousers, then being proof against cold. The severe weather was brightened by glorious sunshine, and groups of men and boys (people of leisure in Korea) basked at noon in its warmth, squatting on their heels beneath the walls of the low dwellings.

Our rooms were heated from beneath by means of the usual flues, a slit or leakage in the paper inside resulting in suffocating smoke till the rent was mended. Primitive though the arrangement certainly was, the occupants were kept warm, and that was the object striven for.

Week after week passed by, and nothing more was heard of Chilgoopie. The beauteous spring burst upon us at last, and winter folded away her white robes and departed. Buds were on every bough, and the azalea burst forth into tender blossoms, making a patch of bright colour in our little garden.

On one of the freshest of these days, when the sky looked as if it were a stranger to clouds, or had never been guilty of rain, a solemn service was held in our little room, when dear old lady Hulmonie, Mr. So, Mr. So's younger brother, and Sock-su, were baptized.

Our hearts were full of joy as we sat among "our people" in that packed room. My little waifs, now numbering eight (five girls and three boys), were all in fresh rainbow attire, with sleek black hair—boys as well as girls—carefully braided back from their faces, and tied with purple at the plait-ends. They clustered close round us, looking on with keen interest as our "brother in the Lord," a minister who came many miles to administer the rite, baptized one after another in the Triune Name.

But oh! the heartache I had in the midst of it

all for the one sheep away in the cold, and I cried inwardly, "Oh, remember poor wandering Chilgoopie, and bring him back to Thyself!"

Oh! the "ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold" could not keep me from longing for the "one far out on the hills away," and I felt as never before "the fellowship of His sufferings" in yearning over the straying one.

At the close of the service, when in chattering groups the little band of worshippers gradually disappeared, Hulmonie drew me away to her own room, her wrinkled features twitching with excitement, and, as I sat on the floor by her side, said, in a shaky voice, "Let us pray for him." I needed no telling whom she meant. So we prayed, or rather she did, and I responded with swelling heart. Somehow I could not believe the lad had hopelessly gone back, and I felt in my inmost heart from that day that some time he would return and all be explained.

Our clerical visitor partook of a cold dinner with us, and then, before returning to his home, asked for a little chat with me alone.

"I heard from home by the last mail," he said, "and the friends are very surprised at your action

in the baptism of Chilgoopie. It was very irregular, you know, and unprecedented. Don't you think you should have waited ? "

" But he seemed to be dying," I exclaimed, " and wished it so much."

" Well, he did not die, you see ; and has evidently gone back to a heathen life."

" Never ! " I exclaimed, rather hotly. " I am *sure* he has not. His profession was as sincere as—as " —"yours," I was going to say, but on second thoughts changed it to " my own."

" It behoves us at all times to exercise the greatest discretion in such matters," said the dear man, " otherwise no good is done, but much harm. However, do not distress yourself ; your intentions were right, only do not let it occur again."

He was a good man, and sincere, doing much for the Master ; and doubtless my action did look irregular, and was irregular ; but I felt that the reason why I was taken to task was not that, so much as the fact of the poor boy having disappeared so entirely, and not having died when he ought.

" He will come back some day," I said, hopefully. " You know, Koreans often have a way of

wandering like that—it is their nature ; and maybe he is preaching the Gospel as he goes,” I added, with sudden inspiration.

Time flew apace. Every day was full to the brim with the duties and responsibilities of those who dwell amidst a heathen people. Part of the day we spent in receiving visitors, and part in making calls.

“ Making calls, did you say ? ”

“ Oh, yes, calls on the people living round about us.”

“ Did they invite you ? ” you ask.

“ Oh, yes ! All we had to do at any time was to walk down the little narrow, dirty lanes, and we were beckoned into more houses than we had time to enter.”

“ Houses ? Nice houses ? ”

“ Ah, that depends on what you call ‘ nice ’ ! Most of them had only one room, and a lean-to kitchen ; and the door of this abode was often so low I frequently had to enter backwards, sitting on the door-sill, and drawing my feet in after me.”

Oh, the sick and the sad around us all the time ! Almost half of the day was frequently taken up in administering simple remedies from our small

cupboard. A great pot of sulphur and lard was kept mixed in readiness, and applicants of all sizes, from the aged to the little child, with their heritage of disease, crossed the little yard, bringing generally a clam-shell to hold the dab of grease doled out to them.

A tall bottle containing a solution of boracic acid also held a prominent place as young and old with inflamed eyes came daily, and with a look of confidence, pathetic to behold, sat down at our feet on the small verandah, and leaned far back the trowsled head while the precious drops were distilled into the painful member. In each case lack of cleanliness had aggravated the disease, as they have very little inclination for bathing at any time, and seem born with a horror of cold water.

A case of plain yellow soap had been sent us by some kind friend in the homeland, and this was one of the most useful gifts we ever had. We cut up several bars and dried them, and, when the applicant for medicine was specially dirty (and was an attendant at our little gatherings), we gave a square of the precious article, explaining its use, and the result was much more cleanliness on the part of our congregation.



HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF KOREA.

One woman, disregarding our injunction that the soap, though good for outward application, would not suit the digestion, took a great bite as soon as she was outside the gate, and was violently sick immediately afterwards.

But I must not linger over the many and varied recollections that come to mind, as our hero is still wandering away we know not where ; and we must trace out his career. For he had a career, notwithstanding the doleful outlook of these wandering days.

The time for my furlough arrived in due course, and with many farewells, tearful and pathetic, and commands to "come back soon," I tore myself away from the little community that had grown so strangely dear, and boarded the steamer for home.

Just as I was leaving our little thatched house, dear old lady Hulmonie wrung my hand in tearless grief, and said, "I may be gone"—pointing upwards—"when you come back, but don't tell them (the ladies and gentlemen in your country) about Chilgoopie ; wait till he comes back. He's sure to come. I've asked Father."

CHAPTER VII.

A Korean Letter.

FROM Mr. So, during my furlough.

“Korea,

“The Land of the Morning Calm.”

“To the lady whom we all love this letter is uplifted and presented.

“Since your departure, most honourable lady, much sorrow has been felt by all, and eye-water like to the rainy season has poured down all faces, old and young. That you have gone to see your relatives and friends we all know, and trustingly await your return.

“As for the health of us all, it is very good by the grace of God, though there has been much sickness, small-pox having worked havoc, and two of our brothers in the Lord have ‘gone back.’” (The Koreans always use the words *toro kasso* for death, the literal meaning of which is “back gone.”)

“The honourable lady whom you left here with us is well, except that her flesh has gone because of her hard work, bones but remaining.

“The boys and girls whom you rescued from the streets are well, and their singing of hymns is admired by all : one of the little girls, however, took the ‘swelling sickness’ shortly after you left, and she, too, has ‘gone back.’

“As for my household, unworthy though we are to be mentioned to you, by our Father’s mercy we are all well,

and daily do we read the Holy Book together, and pray for you. The message from all the believers to you is, 'Come back soon.' Do not tell your people of our strange ways and peculiarities ; only tell them what will make them love us and pray for us. To your honourable parents we send our greetings, likewise to all your friends.

"Written in the year of our Lord 18--, the eleventh moon, and the sixteenth day.

"From So Syebang (Mr. So).

"SUN-SANG" (Teacher).

This letter arrived, written in the Korean character, when I was staying with some of the Lord's people, and was shown all round, and regarded with great curiosity, being written on the peculiarly thin, untearable rice-paper manufactured in the country.

"Can you read it?" was the universal question.

"Of course I can read it," I replied, "as without the language one could not do much."

My furlough passed, as all such times do, in an overflow of meetings, talks, and visits, till I was weary with the rush of Western life, and longed for the small brown village hugging the rugged, purple mountains of my adopted land.

"How do you like the people?" was the most frequent query.

"I like them very much indeed."

"What? Such—well, uncleanly people?"

"Yes: and you may send us a case of yellow soap occasionally, if you are sorry for us," I would reply.

"But how did you get the language—for I suppose you *have* got it?"

"Oh, yes, some of it, at any rate."

"How did you manage it?"

"I studied six or seven hours a day for the first year or two."

"And who was your teacher?"

"Mr. So, a Korean scholar."

"Did he know any English?"

"Oh, no, not any, except perhaps 'Good-bye,' which he would say when he came first thing in the morning, till I corrected him."

"Then *do* tell us—how *did* you get it?"

"Well," I answered, "I sat down, and Mr. So sat down, at a table, opposite each other, with ink-pot and paper between us. He said 'A-hem,' and I said 'A-hem,' and that was English, to be sure. Then we fidgetted, and were at a loss, till he shouted a string of Korean at me across the table, which sounded like 'Hullabaloo,' said very quickly

over and over. It certainly *meant* nothing else to me. At last, after scratching at his chin awhile, he was seized with an idea.

"I have noticed this peculiar difference between the Eastern and Western nations, that whereas a European in any straits invariably scratches his *head*, an Eastern in like straits attacks his chin. Perhaps this is why the Westerner so frequently goes bald, and the Easterner very seldom succeeds in growing a beard.

"But to proceed. My teacher had an idea, and proceeded to work it out. He picked up the small hard block of ink, in shape like a domino, and about the same size, and, putting some drops of water from a vessel near on the piece of smooth black stone, which is the Oriental inkstand, he proceeded to rub the block of ink on it till he had produced a smooth black paste. Then he picked up the pen, which is like a fine paint-brush, and moistened the end of it in the water, after which he twisted the fine white hairs into a point, and, dipping it into the black fluid on the inkstand, began to write, holding the pen quite perpendicularly between the thumb and first finger of the right hand.

“I was, of course, a humble spectator of all this, and watched carefully, till at length the teacher looked up and said, pointing to the water, ‘Mool,’ writing the character down, and signing me to do the same. Then I got the word for ‘table,’ and the prepositions for ‘on the table,’ ‘under,’ ‘over,’ etc., till I had quite a list of words. But how to write them down in those strange characters was a puzzle. However, Mr. So began to write more simply now, as he realized my utter need, and soon I had the ‘Syllabary’ written out, with its variety of sounds, that had to be repeated in a loud tone after my superior, like children say their alphabet.

“‘How *is* it you find it so difficult, and make such mistakes?’ said Mr. So to me one day. ‘To me Korean is the easiest language in the world ; it is your English that is difficult.’

“And so by signs and wonders my studies advanced, and I began to feel very smart. There are three stages at which you arrive when studying an Eastern language :—

“First : You feel you will never get it, because of its extreme difficulty.

“Second : In a few months you think you have

nearly got it, and really must have a natural gift for languages.

“Third : Later on you think you may perhaps see light on the subject in a few years—say ten or twelve ; but a real student will never feel he has ‘got it.’

“It is something like mountain-climbing ; the higher you go, the greater becomes your ambition to mount loftier peaks, and the less you think of your accomplished ascent.

“After weeks of careful application I succeeded in mastering a whole text, and so, armed with a part of the Gospel, I went out to encounter the real live heathen, and deliver my message. Well do I remember the day when, avoiding the crowded streets, I branched off into a little track that ran along a mountain pass—a highway, where the people walked daily in single file from village to village.

“‘I was sent to the women of the country,’ I thought, as I walked hopefully along, thinking (alas, I must write it!) what a good scene this would make in my next report.

“Streams of men filed past me, staring hard, but I left them to their fate ; and soon my patience

was rewarded by the appearance of a woman, turning leisurely the corner of the road, and coming unconsciously toward me, carrying a basket on her head. With what loving glances I regarded her as she silently approached, as I recognised in her my first audience, and the representative of all the women in Korea in heathen darkness! Nearer and nearer she drew, till there was but a pace between us. It was 'now or never,' so, stepping towards her, with my most winning smile, I began, in a clear and rather authoritative voice, I am afraid:—

"*Noo-goo-tun-gee, cu-a-talmit-nan-sa-ram-miel-mang-ha-gee-ah-ne-ha-co-young-san-ert-get-so*" (John iii. 16).

"So intent was I on getting out the right words that I had not paid much heed to the woman's countenance; but she waited for no further explanation. With a yell of despair she sprang down the path, clutching with both hands her precious basket, and crying out, 'Such eyes, oh! fearful! and such a nose! oh, I die, I die!'

"Ah me! it was a crestfallen lass that went home that evening, and no report of this truly maiden effort ever went to the public till now.

"'What was the reason? Did she not under-

stand her own language?' you ask. Certainly, but not my hurried delivery of it, on a subject she had never heard of before. Also, ways and customs and prejudices have to be considered in dealing with people; and our very appearance, with our pronounced features, is against us at first. It is also considered most impolite to address anyone abruptly. You must introduce yourself and converse on ordinary topics, and gradually get their interest, and work round to your message."

"If you met such a woman to-day in the same spot, what would you say to her?"

"I should probably ask her how many miles it was to the next village, and then such a question as 'What do you pay for rice now in your town?' After a little talk like this, we should probably sit down by the roadside, and I would explain my message. Then an invitation to come and see my house (not to come and see me) would almost certainly bring about a visit."

"It must have been weary work part of the time?"

"Yes, I can remember how relieved I was when I found that the hens clucked and cackled, and the pigs grunted—in English!"

Thus, in explaining our work with its difficulties and pleasures to the kind and sympathetic friends at home, my furlough wore away ; and on a sunny day in September I again set foot on the shores of that ancient country of leisurely, lovable people. My co-worker, with some of our American missionary acquaintances, boarded the steamer as soon as the anchor was cast in the still waters of the harbour, and a crowd of Korean friends were on the wharf waving a greeting.

Such a day we had ! Such handshakes over and over again, each one taking both my hands in turn. Then the journey by chair to the little brown village among the hills, and a thanksgiving service right away, with all our Korean friends and neighbours. It was a glorious time, and more than made up for the partings I had gone through in the homeland. But, as the excitement of greeting subsided, and the friends were departing in groups for their homes, I looked round in vain for the familiar face. Where was dear old lady Hulmonie ? She should have been the first to greet me, and would have been, but—ah ! that "but"—well indeed, for her, but for us——

They told me at last that she went to the

Father "only yesterday." She failed, they said, after the summer, but prayed to live till my return. God willed it otherwise, and we know "His will is best, though we are weeping still."

They told me that, up to the time of her departure, she daily prayed for Chilgoopie, and her faith in the answer never wavered, though she died, not seeing the wanderer again.

"Tell my lady," she said, "I shall watch for her, and you all, and Chilgoopie, in God's beautiful place."

So she went home.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Has he come back?”

IT was a cold, cold day in the depth of winter. The heavily-thatched roof of our little dwelling was half as thick again with a covering of pure white snow, which, melting at the eaves, trickled off, and, freezing again in the crisp air, formed long yellow icicles which gave a jagged fringe-finish to the sloping roof.

“The roads are hard as iron,
And not a berry red,”

was literally true, and the breath of the leisurely oxen, bearing their burden of wood or household stuffs along the road, settled in a hoar-frost round their nostrils, giving a strange appearance of old age. No vegetation could live in such cold, and the grass had the burnt appearance of a long drought, from which you would suppose it could never spring to life again.

At this bitter season we were very glad of our close snug rooms, beneath which the brisk pine-

knot fire crackled morning and evening. My friend and I had just settled in for a nice quiet time before going to bed on this particular night of which I am writing, for the home mail had arrived before evening worship, and we had not had leisure to read our letters; so we seated ourselves on mats on the warm floor, and began tearing open with eager hand our epistles.

Quiet had reigned for half an hour, as each was far away in thought, smiling or sighing according to the tenor of the news sent us across the sea, when suddenly there was that ominous “A-hem, A-hem,” outside the door, followed by the unmistakable shuffle of feet on the stone step.

“*Turra-wha*” (“Come in”), I exclaimed; and Sock-su entered, bringing with him a gust of icy air. We knew he had retired into his gate-room for the night, and were much surprised at this sudden appearance. In reply to our questioning he crouched down on the hottest part of the floor, thrust both hands into the sleeves of his padded cotton coat, and began:

“Bad news, lady, and no good at all; but it can’t be helped.”

“What news?” my friend questioned sharply;

for this slow, deliberate way of introducing a subject is very trying when it is late in the evening, and you have half a dozen letters on your knee, waiting to be read.

"How bad I can't tell you," he continued unheedingly; for he was cross at having to turn off his warm bed, and must vent his feelings on some one. "He is nothing but a beggar, and why he should come back here I don't know."

"Who?" we both exclaimed simultaneously, for but one thought darted through the brain of each.

"The *pooins* (ladies) are too soft-hearted," Sock-su continued leisurely, "and this fellow should be sent about his business."

"Whom do you mean? What is his name, and where is he?" I asked, with growing excitement.

"Chilgoopie," he jerked out at last; at which my friend and I both started to our feet, and waiting for no further explanation ran across the crisp, snow-covered yard to the little gate-room, and pushed aside the shutter. There, seated on the hottest part of the floor, immediately over the flue, was a poorly clad figure, that rose slowly to greet us, with limbs evidently stiff with the journey and the cold; poorly clad indeed, but clean, with well-

combed hair gathered into a stiff knot at the top of the head. It was Chilgoopie—the same, yet not the same—looking years older, but with a gladness still in the brown eyes, and a deepened look as if of suffering. He faced us, with the old well-worn salutation :

"Are you at peace?" and we said :

"Yes, we are at peace."

Then suddenly I thought of dear old Hulmonie, and began to cry. He seemed to understand, and said, turning to my friend :

"Where is the honoured lady?"

"The Father has taken her to Himself," she replied simply.

He sat down again, covering his face with both hands.

Just as we all were feeling the joy and sorrow, as if it were almost too much for us, the little door again burst open, and Meggie and Peggie clambered in, clad in their little turkey-red nightgowns, and with their padded coverlets wrapped round their heads and shoulders.

"Oh, we heard a sound of talking here, and we thought it was the prodigal son come back again, and we came to see. Yes, here he is! oh——"

They tumbled on to the floor together by him, and there was no mistaking the welcome he got now! They asked in a breath all the questions I had been longing to put; but he scarcely replied, though their loving ways touched him a good deal. He seemed waiting for me to speak, and, noticing his weary, worn air, I put only the ordinary Korean question—

"Have you eaten rice?"

"This morning," he answered, "thirty miles from here. I have been walking all day."

"Where have you come from?" my friend put in wonderingly.

"From Wi-ju," he replied.

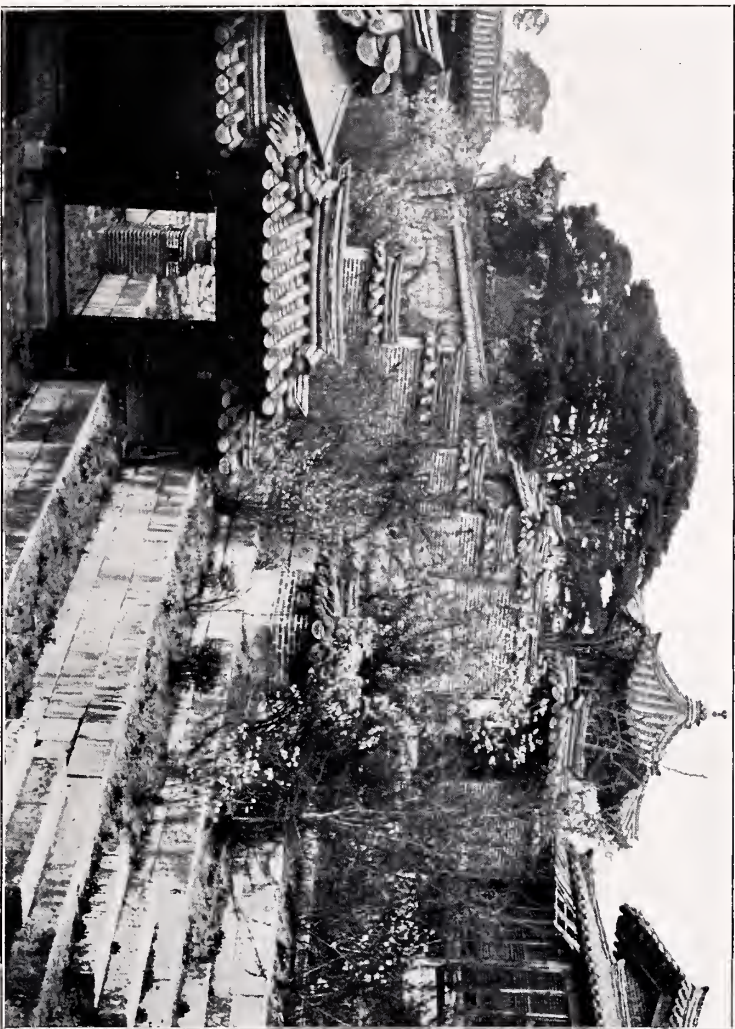
"How did you come? By boat?"

"No, lady; I had not the money. I started three Lord's Days ago, and have walked."

"Three Lord's Days!" He was still a believer, or he would not have said that; he would have reckoned by every fifth day (market day). Walked! All that way? Why, it was over 300 miles! It seemed incredible; but I forbore to ask any more, except one question—

"Are you a believer still?"

My heart seemed to stand still as I waited



THE GARDENS AND TERRACES OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.

(The Emperor's palace is situated in the heart of the city of Seoul.)

for the answer ; but I need not have been anxious.

The yellow wrinkles forced their way back again as of old, revealing the perfect rows of teeth, as the answer came, oh ! so brightly—

"Oh yes, lady ; I have been preaching the Gospel to the heathen !"

It was one of the supremest moments of my life. I shall never, I know, experience greater joy ; and I felt something (yet oh, how little!) of the meaning of those words, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." The knowledge that my Lord is sufficient for every need was comfort beyond expression.

A suggestive "A-hem" from Sock-su at the door interrupted these meditations, however, and turning to him, I said, "See that the traveller has a good hot supper before he goes to bed."

Now this young man Sock-su had been a silent witness of the welcome Chilgoopie had received, and the speech of the Prodigal's brother, as given us in the Scriptures, was written plainly on his countenance, though he forbore to express it in words.

"Is there any cooked rice?" I asked.

"There may be," he replied gracelessly ; "but there is no hot water. I do not see why this fellow should sleep here."

"Is that how you show your religion, Sock-su ?" I asked ; but Chilgoopie at this came forward. "I did not mean to cause trouble : let me go now, and I will return in the morning."

This was enough for Sock-su, and did what no words of mine could have done, though he could not come down from his lofty attitude all at once. Dragging out a bundle of fragrant pine-branches from beneath the ledge of the verandah, he commanded his guest to light the fire, and proceeded to wash some rice.

Soon the dry sticks were crackling cheerfully under the little iron cauldron, and the flames stretched out eager tongues along the flues under the little room, for the economy of the Korean has from ancient days devised a plan by which the food is cooked and the room heated at the same time.

Sock-su's sense of importance being aroused, and the honour of his family at stake (for was he not Kim Sock-su, and were not the Kims noted for their hospitality?), I felt we could safely

trust him to do all that should be done; so my friend and I and the little girls took our departure.

Later on, when we each had retired to our rooms, and I was lying too happy for sleep on my little bed, sounds of singing came from the gate-room, two voices joining together in a tremulous quaver, with a touch of minor about it—

“At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.”

I closed my eyes and gave thanks, and soon was in peaceful slumber, knowing that He had fulfilled His promise and protected the wandering sheep—nay, through the very wandering He had brought glory to His name.

CHAPTER IX.

Chilgoopie Explains.

THERE was an air of expectation about the gathering in the little room the morning following Chilgoopie's return. Some of the women had even donned clean skirts, stiff and crackling from iron and starch; and Meggie and Peggie, with their little companions (my growing family of waifs was fast becoming useful in the work and forming quite a little choir at the meetings), appeared in their Sunday hair-ribbands, each rosy face having had an extra scrub with soap in honour of the occasion.

The men, Mr. So and his brethren, were too dignified to say much, but I noticed they stroked their beardless chins with extra complacency, and cleared their throats with even more emphasis than usual.

Sock-su's attitude had completely changed, and now with great pride he introduced Chilgoopie to any new arrival, and seemed to take credit in his reappearance, saying in an aside: "I sort of felt

something unusual was going to happen last night, for my left hand and left foot itched dreadfully after I had gone to bed ! ”

And Chilgoopie ? He was the quietest of all, seeming to shrink from too much observation, but with a new expression of happiness I had not seen in him before.

We sang first of all—

“ Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.”

When we got to the chorus, the sound swelled ; so it was a wonder the little paper shutter did not burst open. We could never stand to sing in our little gatherings, for there was no room ; so, packed together on the floor as close as possible, the little crowd swayed to and fro as the chorus rose and fell :

“ Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day :
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.”

Then Teacher So said in solemn tones : “ As

our long-lost brother has returned to us, and by the grace of God is well in body and soul, let us give thanks." Prostrate went the little gathering on its face, and Mr. So, hardly able to control his feelings, began—

"Heavenly Father, we should not dare approach Thee, but Thou hast called us, and in Thy holy Son's Name we venture thus. . . . We give thanks to Thee for protecting our brother from the evil, 'for this Thy son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.' Where he has been, we do not yet know. But Thou knowest; and we all together here thank Thee for bringing him to us again, and for helping him to believe in Thee. As for me" (ah, how much it cost him to say this God alone knew!) "I am a sinful man, O Lord, but my many sins and wanderings are all forgiven!"

There were sobs throughout the little room, and Mr. So's wife (he had beaten her in his heathen days) was melted to tears.

"We have *all* wandered, our Father, far from Thee many times"—a moan of assent passed through the prostrate gathering—"and Thou hast brought us back again. We thank, thank, thank

Thee ten thousand times, countless times, for Thy great mercy to us all. In the name of the holy Lord Jesus our Saviour, we come. Amen—Amen."

As we rose, all eyes were directed to Chilgoopie; and Peggie, who never could keep still, gave me a suggestive nudge. So I proceeded :

"Now that we have given thanks to our Heavenly Father for His goodness to us all, we will ask Chilgoopie to tell us about his journeyings, and where he has been since last we saw him."

There was a rustle among the starched skirts as the young man rose and stood in the midst of us, and all leaned forward to take a good look at him. He then began, in a voice that trembled at first, but became more sure as he proceeded :

"I have been to and fro through the country, preaching the Gospel ; but first of all I was in much doubt and fear, and did wrong." From the start he addressed his remarks to my friend and me, and everyone seemed to think it right he should do so.

"Some months ago," he continued, "I was reading my Holy Book when I came to the words : 'Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another' ; and since then I have had no peace

till I came back here. I met a man one day who said he was a believer, and I showed him this verse, and he told me it meant that I should go and confess to a man who they call a priest ; but I said I could not, for I had not wronged the priest, so why should I go to him ? He said the priest would forgive me, and I said, 'I don't want him to ; he has nothing to forgive. I wronged God, not him ; and God has forgiven me.'

"But I was not happy in my heart, in here," striking that lean, hollow chest of his, "because I felt I had wronged you all, and ought to come back and explain. I felt as if someone was pulling me back, and then I knew you were praying for me." (Oh, dear old lady Hulmonie, your prayers ! Surely you were somewhere near on your white wings as he made this confession !)

"Then I felt I must come, for one night I dreamed I saw a star fall, fall down into the sea ; and that meant someone was dead ; and I could not tell who it was, but now I know." His voice grew unsteady again, and he paused.

"After you left here where did you go ?" I asked. And all listened breathlessly to his answer :

"That is the hardest part to tell, lady ; but I

will try. If you remember, you and the other honourable lady often went up the mountains" (I began to quake now), "taking food and books, and I was watching you all the time, for to me you were examples of what I should do. The people said you went to worship the spirits of the hills; and when I asked you one day what you did when you got there, you said, 'We pray and sing.' So I thought they must be right. The day came when my father's grave, according to Korean custom, must be cut—that is, the grass—and food must be offered to his spirit up there on the hills ten miles away; and so I took food to sacrifice."

"Why did you not tell us you were going?" I asked.

"I feared, lady—for in my heart I knew there was something wrong. I meant to come back that night, but when I had spread the food out in the bowls before the grave, and was going to bow down and worship I had no words to say. My tongue was dry in my mouth, and a great fear came over me. Then I heard a Great Voice in my heart say, '*Moo-ort hannanya?*' ('What are you doing?')

"I got up and fled. I ran, and ran, down the mountain-side, leaving the food and the vessels

there ; and the people who saw me coming cried out, ' A mad devil ! A mad devil ! ' "

He paused to wipe the perspiration from his face, and the little congregation gave a deep sigh.

" On I ran until I got away into the country, where houses were only a few here and there. I was sick and ill, my clothes were torn, my shoes were lost, and I was all wounded and bleeding with the stones and thorns on the mountain. I lay down by the roadside and could go no further. Then the Good Samaritan came along, just like the Bible, only he was a Korean, and the sick man was only me. He took me to his house, and washed my feet and took care of me till I was better ; and oh, lady, I told him all my trouble about the hill-worship ! "

" Who was this man ? " asked Mr. So. All around were listening with breathless interest.

" He is of the honourable family of Cho, and is of the age of sixty-five. God has blessed him with four sons, and all are believers in Jesus Christ. "

" How did he hear the doctrine ? " asked Mr. So again, eagerly.

"A man of the honourable Society for Bible-selling came along, and persuaded Mr. Cho to buy a Gospel of John. He did so, and read it carefully through, and longed for more. So he journeyed a long way trying to find the man again, and he came to the house of a *Me-gook Mock-sa* (American missionary), and told them what he wanted. They invited Mr. Cho to stay there, and let him sleep in their gate-house, and every day the *Mock-sa* (literally, 'shepherd') read with him out of the Holy Book. When Mr. Cho, at the end of three Lord's Days, went home, he believed, and soon all his house believed too."

"How long did you stay with him?"

"Two Lord's Days" (a fortnight). "He has worship every day with his family and some of the neighbours in his own house, and only once has the missionary been able to go there. But they have the Word of God, and the Holy Spirit teaches them. At last I felt I must leave, as Mr. Cho is not a rich man, and I must earn my living. So I asked God to lead me."

"Why didn't you come back here?" chimed in little Peggy. He gave her a wan smile, and replied to me:

"I was ashamed, lady, and so God had more to teach me."

"We were very anxious about you," I said reproachfully. At this he replied, with an exceeding bright smile :

"I have read here" (producing a much-worn copy of the New Testament), "'Be anxious for nothing, but in everything . . . let your requests be made known unto God.'"

There he stood, thin and hollow-looking, in his yellow, worn cotton clothes, looking the poorest of the poor, but with untold wealth in his soul.

He added, "The Good Shepherd has watched over me and brought me safely here to you all."

"How have you lived all this time you have been away?" my friend asked.

"I have worked among my people—at farming in the summer, and at anything I could get in the winter ; and I have gone from place to place with the Gospel."

"You went right up to Wi-ju? That is a long way."

"Yes ; and there I met another *Mee-gook Mock-sa*, and he explained the Book more to me, and helped

me much. I came back here as I went, walking, and telling the good news."

There was nothing the Westerner would call heroic in the appearance of Chilgoopie as he stood there, down at heel as usual ; for, though now scrupulously clean as far as possible, he was never tidy, and seemed to have a knack of putting everything on awry. But when he began to speak of the goodness of Jesus Christ in caring for him, his face shone again, and his voice grew strong, as a long, lean arm was stretched out in earnest entreaty to all to trust and obey this mighty Saviour. He broke down at last, and sat sobbing like a child in the midst of us.

"Mother," whispered little Meggie, "let's have

' Joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more !' "

So the pent-up feelings were relieved, as all burst forth, in especially bad time and tune, but no one cared for that, or even noticed it ; and the last verse brought our little meeting to a close—

" There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising God above.
Oh that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
When we meet to part no more ! "

A few weeks after this memorable re-union, on Sunday morning, at the close of the service, we were counting the collection which was taken up regularly once a week in a little round wicker basket, as a thank-offering to our Father for His goodness to us all. Several of the children were sitting with me, making on the floor little heaps of the cash pieces, which had to be counted out into tens, fifteens, and hundreds—a little over three hundred making a dollar, or rather more than two shillings.

Suddenly there was an excited exclamation from Meggie, "*Posio ! Posio ! !*" ("Please look!") and she held up a tiny packet wrapped in white paper, with three cash pieces tied on the outside by a string run through the hole in the centre of each.

"Oh, do open it, and see what is in it!" the children all exclaimed.

Quickly the string was unfastened, and there came to view a number of silver pieces of money—coins introduced into Korea only since the occupancy of the Japanese, and at that time used only by Koreans who had intercourse with Europeans, or "foreigners."

My friend and I spoke not a word of conjecture

to one another as to whose this gift was. The common cash pieces had evidently been tied on the outside as a blind to the rest of the people, but in our heart of hearts we knew it was nearly the whole of the month's wages of Chilgoopie the Glad.

CHAPTER X.

How we Parted.

SOCK-SU had got married, and set up in business for himself. While with us he had saved a little money and bought a cow, and supplied us daily with good fresh milk ; and now he had started a dairy on a small scale in a distant town where several American missionaries lived. There was no sale for milk among the Korean people in those days ; they regarded it as a noisome beverage, and belonging only to the calf. Thus Chilgoopie became the chief at our home, with a boy under him, in training to become likewise useful.

We always found it most important to have a faithful servant and friend in this position, as it made a great difference to our work. Everyone referred to him, and the gate-house began to be the *rendezvous* of all enquirers. Sometimes the group collected round the kitchen was not calculated to add to my peace of mind ; for to see them all

SOCK-SU AT HOME.



served with a drink of water from one of our enamelled saucepans was, to say the least of it, very disquieting ; and once I found a suspicious-looking comb reposing among the dishes. Yet, one thought of the illuminated soul of our helper and friend dispelled all minor worries. ·

But Chilgoopie's great delight was to tie his Testament and hymn-book in a handkerchief, strap them to his girdle, and go off from Thursday to Saturday each week into the surrounding villages, telling the Good News to all.

One afternoon he had been out doing some shopping for us in the little town, having first of all sent his helper in with our tea.

In the top of our paper shutter we had had a square piece of glass inserted (a Western innovation!) and as I sat leisurely sipping my hot beverage, I saw Chilgoopie enter quickly the little yard, followed by two of the raggedest, dirtiest urchins it was ever my lot to behold. They were simply moving bundles of rags and filth, topped by mops of black, bristly hair.

The gate-room door was slid open, and Chilgoopie stepped in, beckoning the two to follow.

Curiosity filled my friend and me as to what he

meant to do with them. An ordinary Korean would have brought them to us, asking help and food for them ; but not so this one.

Nothing more was seen of the beggars for a time ; but Chilgoopie was busily employed in his little lean-to kitchen, and I heard the swish-swish of the rice as he washed it in the wooden basin.

Presently he crossed to the gate-house quickly, as if wishing to escape observation, bearing in his hands two bowls heaped high with well-cooked, steaming rice, such as the Korean loves.

The little door closed on the three again, and all was silent.

More than half an hour elapsed, and, our tea being over, I went to the room which had been our dear old lady's, and was now occupied by my little girls ; for this was the hour that I tried to get alone with them, chatting with them as they did their needlework or mending.

"Did you see Chilgoopie go to his room with rice just now ?" asked Poppy, one of the new additions to our family, a bright girl of ten years.

"He is taking that, his own rice, to feed those beggars."

"Yes," says Peggie ; "and he has been eating nothing but salt with his rice all this week because he wanted to give to the poor. Fancy, only salt !" she continued, screwing up her small nose, "and no kimchi" (pickles), "or sauce, or dried fish, or anything."

At this juncture the door of the gate-room was slid back again, and lo ! the two beggars were transformed ! The only two spare coats warmly padded that Chilgoopie possessed he had put on them, and also his only available pants. Quickly they were escorted to the creaking gate by their host, carrying under their arms bundles containing the raiment they had taken off.

I ran across the yard to the room where my friend sat writing.

"Did you see that ?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes, I saw."

"Well, but how is he to have a clean coat to change, if he gives away the only extra one he has ?"

To this my friend made no reply, except "I guess he's all right."

Later on I put the question to Chilgoopie, and he answered simply : "I read in the Book, 'He

that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none ; and he that hath meat let him do likewise' (Luke iii. 11). I had three coats, lady ; and these were cold and hungry."

After that there was nothing more to be said.

Now, as time went on, my co-worker and I had one question concerning Chilgoopie that we thought it our duty to attend to. I did not say it was our duty, for even missionaries are not infallible. It perhaps was scarcely within our province as missionaries, and certainly we had had no previous training to fit us for the task we thought to place upon ourselves. We felt like elders responsible for the welfare of these our spiritual children, and, perhaps, had quite unintentionally something of a feeling of superiority. Spiritually we all felt we were one ; but between the nations there was to us a great gulf fixed ; and we unconsciously supposed they realized this as well.

So it came borne in upon us with great force (and we thought we were inspired) that it was our duty to see that our "friend and helper" Chilgoopie was "settled in life" with a wife and a home ; and as it is the custom in Korea for the

young man to be passive in the matter, and a "go-between" to arrange all for him, including the choice of the bride, I told myself that as he had no relative to take the matter up, it was my duty to see him properly established in a home of his own.

My friend and I talked it over carefully together, and decided that I must speak to the youth and get his permission before I made overtures to the young lady, whom I had in view—a pretty girl of sixteen, an earnest Christian.

Already in my own mind I pictured the young couple settled in the little room that had been "The Praying Woman's," which should be done up for them, and I had thought what a lovely finish it would make to my next report, when the "Return of Chilgoopie" had to be written. How well it would look—

"A CHRISTIAN WEDDING"—

and how pleased the subscribers would be. Ah me!

The winter months had frozen themselves out, and a glorious spring broke upon us. It was on a beautiful evening, late in the season, and an hour before supper-time, that I took my chair outside

the little house and sat down to enjoy the balmy air, and think. Shortly before, I had seen Chilgoopie mount the garden path at the back of the house, a little red crumpled hymn-book in his hand, and I knew he was wandering about up there singing in his quavering voice those hymns he loved so well. Soon he would come down to attend to our supper.

My friend had gone out with our group of children for a walk, which would probably include several calls at friendly cottages on the way.

A Korean Testament was on my knee, and I was marking some words (new to me) that I had noted during the day, when I heard a voice coming nearer and nearer down the garden path :

"At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my sins rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day."

The past week to me had been a very trying one. The warm spring weather had had a relaxing effect upon me, and I was feeling unusually worn and tired. Also, by the last mail I had received a criticising letter from home, which had left me disheartened. I quote—

"In your reports you use the personal pronoun 'I' too much. Can you not substitute another word? On the other hand, your co-worker constantly says 'we,' which is too indefinite. Always remember two things while living among those dark people: (1) Think and speak little of yourself; (2) Be very definite and exact in all your expressions."

The shadow cast by this epistle, just when we were needing a word of cheer, was still upon my heart, and I felt double my ordinary age—felt, indeed, like a parent to the youth who now strolled down the little path, ceasing his song at sight of me, and giving the evening salutation; after which he asked—

"Will you have supper now, or wait till the other lady returns?"

"In a short time," I replied. "But I want to have a talk with you first. Get a mat, and sit down here."

"I would rather stand," he said politely, "while the *pooin* talks to me. Please say on."

"How old are you now, Chilgoopie?" I asked tentatively.

"Twenty-six this year, by the grace of God," he answered.

"So old? I thought you not more than twenty-three or so. Now, Chilgoopie"—I braced myself for the final effort, feeling more than usually benevolent in my motherly care for the youth—"Chilgoopie, it is quite time you were settled down, and married, in a home of your own."

He folded his arms across his breast, drawing himself up very straight, and then replied, "I *am* settled, lady."

"Yes," I answered, with much worldly wisdom; "but if you were married you would be much more settled and comfortable; and then your wife could help us, you know, and my friend and I would be very glad. We will give you a nice room, and pay you enough to keep a wife, and she can do some of our sewing, and help talk to the women. Now, I know a very nice girl, just the one for you, and if you like I will speak for her, for you have no relative to do this for you."

As I was speaking the young man gradually retreated to the wall of our little dwelling, against which he leaned heavily during the rest of my speech, his chin sunk on his chest, and altogether his attitude was one of extreme dejection. I was so full of my subject; and ah! the heading of that report

for home was dancing before my eyes! and my enthusiasm so grew that I did not notice the effect of my eloquence till afterwards.

When I had finished there was a pause, and the young man raised his head, and looked at me with such a sad, sad expression that I wondered. I never remembered seeing him look so sad before.

"You do not know the advantage it would be to you," I continued, looking earnestly at him, "to have a Christian wife; and she can help teach my little girls, and help in the women's meetings, and——"

But my eloquence suddenly came to an end, as a hoarse voice interrupted me with "Lady! Stop, if you please!"

As he spoke, he slid down, and sat in a crouching position on his heels, his arms folded tight across his breast, and his chin sunk low again. I wondered exceedingly, and was about to continue my arguments, when in a voice hoarse as if with pain, and stifling with emotion, he said: "Speak not so, lady; it cannot be."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "It is not Korean custom for you to choose for yourself. I suppose you met with someone on your travels?"

Again that voice of pain, which I can never forget : "Speak not so, lady, if you please."

The words seemed wrung from him, and truly I was to blame, though I knew it not. Great drops of perspiration stood on his brow, as rising suddenly to his feet, and looking taller and more manly than I had ever seen him, he said, hoarsely and slowly :

"The Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ His Son are more than all ; but there is one other I can never forget. May peace remain with you." Before I could recover from my surprise, he was gone, and I was left there, with all my ideas and arrangements shattered to pieces as if by an electric shock.

At last I understood. The glorious light of the Gospel had shone into his soul, and the great transformation wrought had so filled him with wonder and love, that his gratitude and affection toward the one who had been the medium through which the good news had come, were boundless.

It is often so. These simple folk show their affection to the Master through their devotion to us, His messengers. Let us never desecrate the service by accepting it as to ourselves, but let us

offer it again to Him from whom the great blessing comes.

No one else ever knew of that conversation, and I only relate it here that I may faithfully complete my story.

That evening, at the little meeting, Chilgoopie announced his intention of going into the country once more to spend his life in taking the Good News to those who knew it not. He was pale and calm as he rose and stood at the door-way ; you would not have recognised in him the forlorn one of a few years ago.

"I have been greatly blessed here," he said slowly, a tear rolling down his cheek unheeded ; "I came hungry in body and in soul, and I have been fed with the Bread of Life, and I am a new man.

"I thought when I came I only wanted the rice ; I did not know then of Jesus Christ, nor His death on the Cross for me—I only knew of my many sins, worse than you all. Now that they are washed away in the Blood shed on Calvary, I am thankful without count, and a great longing has come into my heart to go and tell others about Him.

"These ladies"—and his words trembled—"have set us a pattern, for they have left all, like the Good Book says, to tell us the Good News." Here the little congregation gave a murmur of assent, and Peggie cuddled closer to my side.

What a heartache we both had as he spoke, in the midst of our thankfulness, for we felt we might have been more faithful!

"We had no light," he went on, "and they have shown us the Light of the World; and now can we still sit in comfort while hundreds of our countrymen are in the dark? I must do as they have done, and leave all to follow Him!"

Here someone struck up:

"Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus;
Everywhere He leads me I will follow on."

As the song ceased, he continued, "The Holy Book says, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.' I saw in my travels great towns and villages without the sound of the Name of Jesus, and I must go and tell them. Brothers and sisters, pray for me."

We never before had such a meeting as that. My friend and I took no part, except alternately

praying and giving thanks in our hearts. Mr. So now cleared his throat, rubbed his chin, and said :

“ Since this our younger brother is bent on being the Lord’s messenger to the heathen in our own loved country, cannot we do as the lady’s people at home have done, and give the cash pieces as we are able, so that he can eat his rice in peace, and have all his time for preaching.”

There was a great rustle among coats and skirts, as if a stiff breeze had blown through the room ; and little Peggie sprang from my side and fetched the collection basket, handing it first to Mr. So. She had got three cash pieces tied on to the string of her little jacket, and, quickly unfastening the knot, she put them all in, with a smile at Chilgoopie, who was bowed with his face in his hands. Oh, the sound of those metal pieces as they were dropped into the basket that evening—it is still in my ears ! At last, having gone the round of the room, the offering was placed at my feet by Peggie, who announced :

“ The lady will count it, and change it into proper money ” (silver, she meant), “ and then he can have it.”

Just then Mrs. So, a pale,³ good-looking, refined

woman, rose slowly to her feet, and drawing from her finger a huge silver ring, placed it in the basket, saying tremulously :

"It is a thank-offering," and as she spoke, her husband blew his nose so vigorously that his hat got tilted to one side and was not even put straight again, and Meggie whispered, in awestruck tones, "He is crying much."

All waited now for me to speak, and never before was it so hard to find words. So I turned to Psalm ciii., and read :

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

I read right on to the end, and then the little gathering, notwithstanding smallness of space, could sit still no longer, but rose to its feet and broke into song—

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

And then, led by Chilgoopie, "Praise God from

whom all blessings flow" brought this wonderful and blessed meeting to a close.

The next day, after morning prayers, at which our small room was crowded to suffocation, Chilgoopie started on his journey.

In a yellow canvas suit newly starched and ironed by Mrs. So, who must have sat up most of the night to get it done ; a second-hand stiff black hat, slightly tilted to one side on his head ; a pair of straw sandals tied over his cotton socks ; a long staff in his right hand ; one small bundle containing all his worldly goods tied to his back, and another holding his precious Bible and hymn-book fastened to his girdle—he stood in the middle of the crowded yard, saying brokenly,

"May peace remain with you !"

Sock-su, who, hearing the news, had walked over at daybreak to be present at the "send-off," had brought as a gift a small red fan with the Lord's Prayer written down the folds, and this was tied on to the girdle ; while Mr. So's brother brought an extra pair of straw shoes, which were fastened by the side of the fan. The bright sun shone

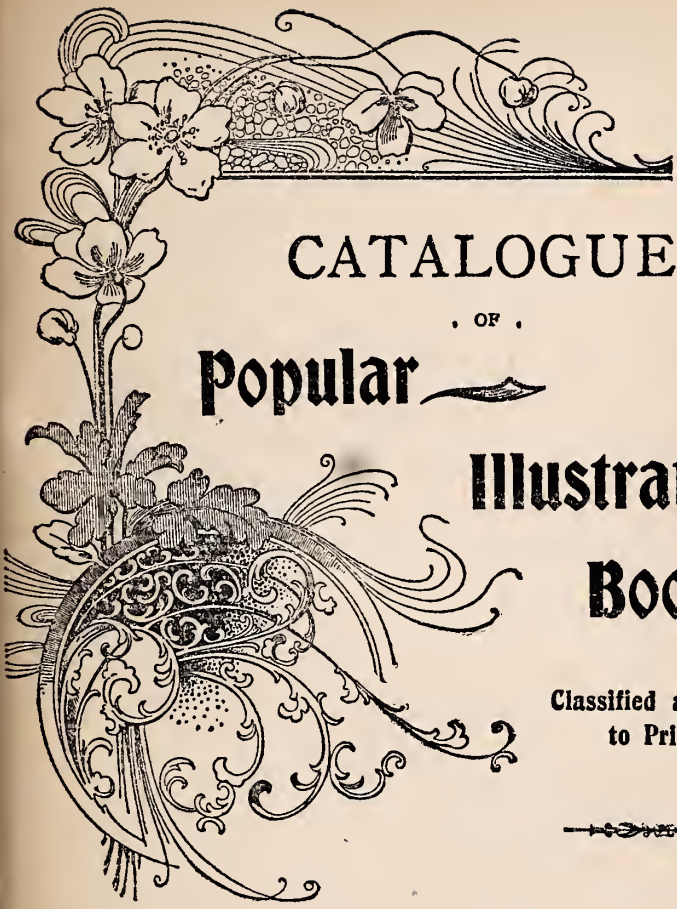
down upon us and the fresh breeze fanned our cheeks as the last song was sung—

"God be with you till we meet again !
By His counsels guide, uphold you ;
With His sheep securely fold you ;
God be with you till we meet again !"

Then Mr. So held open the rickety gate, and the humble evangelist passed out, not daring to look back, but with head erect and hat tilted far back ; and Sock-su, radiant and important, said to me :

"I always knew he was good and would turn out all right in time—didn't you ?"

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